Army Educates the C.C.C. by Albert Dahlquist

NEW MASSES

AUGUST 3 1937 FIFTEEN CENTS

Three Men on a Tiger

BY S. W. GERSON

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

WE stressed our need in our recent emergency financial drive and in announcing our sustaining fund campaign last week. What we did not stress, but which is constantly borne in upon us by letter from readers, is the special service this magazine performs for American culture. The following letter indicates what we mean:

"A few days ago a friend of mine showed me with great satisfaction a print that he had received as a member of some print club or other [the American College Society of Print Collectors.—ED.]. It was Rockwell Kent's 'Workers of the World, Unite!'—and it seemed to me one of the finest examples of propaganda art currently produced. So that I said, 'Where can I get a copy?' My professor friend said, just a bit smugly, 'You can't. It is limited to 150 copies for members of the club only.'

"That made me feel as wry as hell! Were we being cheated by our friends, the proletarian artists? Obviously, the work was intended for a wide audience—for those who would understand the implications of the picture. And I went home feeling rather bitter and saying to myself that even the strong, virile productions of the proletarian artists were being emasculated, directed into precious, sterile channels.

"But upon reaching home, I found my copy of the NEW MASSES for July 20. There, on the cover, was the identical picture that I had been admiring only a few moments before. I was delighted; I didn't give a darn whether the picture was on hand-made rice paper, signed, or on wrapping paper unsigned—so long as I could look at it! (Kent's pictures don't need a signature anyway. And to me, this is one of his finest.)

"The enclosed contribution is sent with the feeling that the covers on the magazine alone are worth far more than the price of admission!"

And from Spain, where copies of the issues containing our financial appeals have begun to arrive, comes this:

"Just this minute received my copy of the June 15 issue of the NEW MASSES and have read the appeal made on the back cover to help save this precious weekly.

"We, a section of Americans fighting against fascism in Spain, want to add our voices to this urgent appeal and to request all anti-fascists in the States to see to it that the NEW MASSES pulls through its present crisis.

"The few copies available here, three thousand miles away from home, are read from cover to cover, and we say that if anything should happen to our NEW MASSES now we should feel as though during our absence we had been let down by our friends in the States.

"The articles on Spain, the C.I.O., British Labor Party, and labor spies have proved invaluable to us in our discussions and have also served as inspiration to us in our struggle here.

"If we were in the States we would give—and plentifully, too. We have decided to help by writing to all of our friends in the States urging them to lend the NEW MASSES a helping hand and to do for us what we are not now in a position to do.

"Salud!"

And this:

"A stranger visiting the American line on the Jarama front that guards the vital Madrid-Valencia Road would have difficulty in believing that he was in the front line of the strongest contested sections of this battle-scarred country. For the past two months there has been very little activity on this front and the Americans have been using their ingenuity to make life easier. They have been in the same trenches now for a record time with no rest, practically speaking, and the morale is amazingly high. With the warm weather has come a discarding of all superfluous garments, and the ground directly behind the trench, where the boys spend their free time when they are not on duty, resembles a summer camp. The boys move about in their shorts, and their healthy browned-skinned bodies seem to express contempt for the murderous explosive bullets that split the air above them. Even the trench-mortar shells and grenades that sometimes land behind our lines do not prevent our boys from playing ping-pong and football. In fact I noticed the other day that one of the regulation size ping-pong tables that was brought up to the line from Madrid was placed on the spot where a trench-mortar shell had landed only a few days before.

"A new fad in the American line is the building of rock gardens in the trenches and the grounds directly behind the trench. The American grounds are remarkably clean due largely to the almost fanatical zeal of our hard-working battalion physician, Bill Pike. The addition of gardens lends an atmosphere strange to trench warfare. Multi-colored flowers with the crimson poppy predominating, combined with the patience of the Americans, have made possible some really beautiful rock gardens.

"A new library has been started in the thatched-roof dugout that formerly housed the battalion headquarters. For comfort and greater safety, the boys dug it deeper. The walls and ceiling are plastered with gayly colored war posters. On one side of the dugout is a shelf containing all the games that were available in Madrid, and the other side has a long shelf that holds the few books, magazines, and newspapers that the boys have been able to get. The Yanks are hungry for reading matter. The NEW MASSES is well liked.

"LEONARD GRUMET."

The function the NEW MASSES performs for those in Spain and for those back home is well expressed by these letters. They indicate why it is important for the NEW MASSES to continue without threat of suspension and why we ask our readers and friends to pledge themselves to send us regular amounts, monthly, quarterly, or annually. We have received single contributions of $500. Could not they be made annual contributions? We have received contributions of $10, $25, $50, $100. Make those quarterly! We have received contributions of $1, $5, $10. Isn't it possible to send the same sum every month?

We ask for what you can afford. You need not send in cash for the first payment with your pledge. Just tell us how much you want to send regularly, how often you want to send it, and when you want to begin. Of course, send in your first contribution with your pledge if you are able to do so. We will use Between Ourselves to give you regular reports on the progress of this sustaining fund.

Who's Who

S. W. GERSON was the author of our article "LaGuardia—Labor Party Mayor?" in the issue of March 9, 1937. He is the New York City Hall reporter of the *Daily Worker*. . . . William B. Smith is the acting labor editor of the NEW MASSES. He attended the National Labor Relations Board hearings on Ford's violations of the Wagner act. . . . F. Elwyn Jones is an Englishman whose recent book, *Hitler's Drive to the East,* received wide acclaim. His article in this issue is a section of a forthcoming volume. . . . Albert Dahlquist, who makes his NEW MASSES debut in this issue, knows whereof he speaks. For two years he was an educational adviser attached to the Second Corps Area, Civilian Conservation Corps. . . . E. G. Morris also knows whereof he speaks; as he writes to us, "I am the Mr. Possum of the story." . . . Horace Gregory is the poetry editor of the NEW MASSES. . . . Kenneth Rexroth's verse has appeared before in our pages, as have his book reviews.

What's What

KEEP your eye peeled for these forthcoming articles: who's who in the far eastern crisis, by Theodore Draper, our foreign editor; the relationship between the workers and the middle classes in the steel strike, by Adam Lapin; a bird's-eye-view of the long history of the American writers' campaign for economic protection, by Robert Stuart.

By way of postscript: that NEW MASSES and Friends of the Lincoln Brigade boat ride was a huge success in which no small part was played by Sam Heller and a group from Local 16 of the Hotel & Restaurant Workers' Union, an A.F. of L. affiliate.

Flashbacks

THE NEW MASSES sends fraternal greetings to the Socialist Party of America on the occasion of its thirty-sixth birthday. If at the same time we qualify our tribute with a reminder, perhaps history will forgive us. When on July 29, 1901, delegates met to forge the new proletarian weapon, they represented 10,000 members; more, rumor has it, than an auditor could discover in the Trotskyite-afflicted organization of today.... Greetings likewise go to the Communist Party of Great Britain. On July 31, 1920, in the heart of the world's largest empire, was born a native Leninist party.... And while we're extending greetings, may we note that the recently ancient and arthritic Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, & Tin Workers was still-born, August 3, 1876. The steel-born S.W.O.C. is another story.

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NEW MASSES
AUGUST 3, 1937

Darryl Frederick

Three Men on a Tiger

When Al Smith and Dooling forced Tammany to choose anti-New Dealer Copeland for the mayoralty race, they cleared the air on larger questions

By S. W. Gerson

"THIS," said the clubhouse sage, "is a New Deal town. You can't get elected in New York if you're against the New Deal."

The above statement, a political truism today, made in all earnestness by a grizzled machine politician, indicates how far the city has advanced from the days when the Tammany designation meant election, and good citizens fled when delegations came offering Republican or Fusion nominations. New York is now definitely regarded as a progressive community, even by the beetle-browed gentry who labor in the Tammany vineyards. The magic of the Christmas basket and June walk are, alas and alack, irrevocably gone. The New York electorate has learned a few things since 1929.

It is this change, the growing awareness of social issues, the growth of progressivism in the city—along with that in the rest of the country—that has materially altered the aspect of New York elections. Tammanyites are a thousand times right when they mourn that the old town ain't the same any more.

The 1937 campaign sees the major political organization of the city, the Democratic Party, rent neatly in twain. On the one hand, there is Tammany Hall, the Manhattan organization led by the late Jim Dooling, with Al Smith the power behind the throne. On the other hand, there are four other county organizations and their bosses—Messrs. Edward J. Flynn of the Bronx, Frank V. Kelly of Brooklyn, James C. Sheridan of Queens, and William T. Fetherston of Richmond. It is too early to say how Dooling's death will change the relation of bosses.

Between the two factions there is war to the knife; the New Deal is the issue. With "Keep Roosevelt out of New York" on their lips, the Tammany cohorts will do battle in the primaries for their ticket: Royal S. Copeland for mayor, Samuel Levy for president of the City Council, and Frank J. Prial for comptroller. The other four county bosses, who give nominal allegiance to the New Deal but are privately none too enthusiastic about it, are backing former police commissioner Grover A. Whalen for mayor, Max Jay Schneider for president of the City Council, and Frank J. Taylor for comptroller.

Thus the campaign in America's "forty-ninth state," involving the New Deal as it does, is of national significance. All the tory forces which supported Alf Landon in the 1936 elections will be found operating in the city campaign, with most reactionary groupings—the Liberty League, Hearst, and the utilities—behind anti-New Dealer Copeland and the rest of the Tammany slate. That does not mean that Grover Whalen is regarded as a shining liberal by the upper crust. Quite the contrary. The New York *Sun,* the voice of arch-toryism in New York, finds Copeland and Whalen equally acceptable. It declared editorially on July 19:

> Assuming that the primary contest will be between Mr. Whalen and Senator Copeland, the anti-radical voters of the city may feel assured that on election day they will have an opportunity to express themselves. Both men are thoroughly American in spirit. Both have respect for the law and for the rights of individuals and property. The records of both indicate that they regard the city as something to be conducted for the benefit of all its people rather than for greedy and organized groups.

But a peculiar situation has developed. New York progressives would like to see the defeat of the Liberty League—i.e., the Copeland forces in the Democratic primaries—and the defeat of either or both candidates in the elections. A defeat for the avowed anti-New Dealers would tend to drive this trend out of public life, even if it means a victory for those elements within the Democratic Party who give only verbal allegiance to the New Deal. Even lip service may play an objectively useful role at times!

President Roosevelt and his political generalissimo, Postmaster-General James A. Farley, cannot be unaware of this type of thinking among informed New Yorkers. Some shrewd observers insist that both are very well aware of what is going on and are anxious for the outcome to be the defeat of the Tammany-Copeland combination in the primaries and the defeat of Whalen in the elections. With Jim Dooling's heirs unseated and LaGuardia back in City Hall, the New Dealers can be assured of control of the Democratic Party machinery and of a loyal friend at the head of the administration of America's biggest city. If this works out, the political realignment, considered inevitable by foresighted New Dealers, will find the reactionaries in a

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weakened position for the 1938 gubernatorial and congressional elections and the 1940 presidential campaign.

While by no means indifferent to the primary fight within the Democratic Party, progressives of all shades will seek the defeat of either Democratic candidate and the election of the opposing candidate, Mayor LaGuardia. In this line-up of forces, the Communist Party, while critical of the mayor at many points, will back the progressive bloc.

The American Labor Party, the New York State section of Labor's Non-Partisan League, can and probably will play a decisive role in the campaign. It has already nominated for the City Council a slate composed in the main of trade-union leaders, thus emphasizing its labor foundation. For the three major candidates the A.L.P. will form a bloc with Fusionists and progressives within the two major parties. This tactic is designed to facilitate the growing differentiation within the two old parties, and is thus entirely appropriate at the present stage. This course of development has not always been easy for the A.L.P. to follow. Certain elements within it, led by Louis Waldman, have donned the robes of "purity" and demanded a go-it-alone policy of the A.L.P., but they have been an insignificant though highly vocal minority.

In these wails for a "pure" labor ticket, Waldman has been joined, ironically enough, by certain forces within the Socialist Party, egged on by the disruptive Trotskyites within that afflicted organization. Even there the forces of sanity seem to be prevailing, however. A resolution nominating Norman Thomas for mayor, but opening the way for coöperation with the Labor Party forces, was adopted in the city committee of the Socialist Party by a vote of thirty-five to eighteen.

"Our candidate for mayor against LaGuardia may be withdrawn if, in the course of discussions with the A.L.P. and in the development of the campaign, it becomes apparent that such action will strengthen the labor movement," the resolution declared. Even this qualified declaration is not enough for the Trotskyites and their satellites on the *Socialist Call,* which is waging war on the majority viewpoint through its columns.

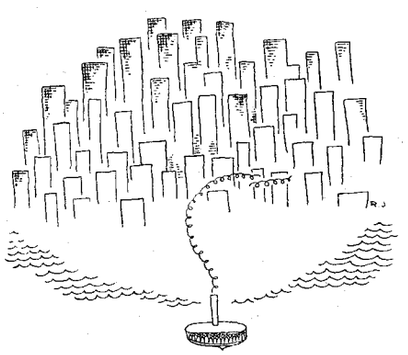
On the whole, the picture shows all the forward-looking forces—Fusionists, liberal Republicans, Democrats, laborites, Communists, Socialists, the Progressive City Committee—on one side, and all the reactionary forces on the other. If Copeland runs in the Republican primaries, as seems likely today, and wins, it will tend further to clarify the situation, because the liberal Republican element, led by young men like Alderman Newbold Morris, will support LaGuardia anyway. Even if Whalen wins the Democratic nomination, there is little doubt that the genuine New Deal voters within the Democratic Party will disengage themselves and vote for LaGuardia.

Labor has indicated pretty clearly its support for LaGuardia. Not only have the C.I.O. unions and the Labor Party shown their preference, but even old-line labor leaders like George Meany, the State Federation of Labor president, and Michael J. Cashal, the Teamsters' Union chief, have come out for LaGuardia. Thus the Copeland and Whalen combinations, stripped largely of working-class backing, will hammer away at the middle class by the use of anti-C.I.O. arguments and considerable undercover appealing to racial and religious feelings. The defeat of President Roosevelt's court-reform bill, all under the sign of Red-baiting, will undoubtedly be injected into the campaign.

All in all, this should be the dirtiest campaign since 1886, when Tammany dragged Senator Abe Hewitt out of Washington to defeat the progressives grouped about Henry George. Starved for lack of patronage from City Hall, Albany, and Washington, the Tiger will claw desperately at its opponents. Tammany has never been beaten twice in a row. If it should be licked this year, America's classic institution of municipal corruption may as well close shop. With the old landmark will go the political reputations of Dooling's machine, Smith, and Copeland, the three jockeys riding the famished Tiger. And of course Hearst is riding him too.

Victory for Tammany would mean a body blow to the New Deal and would no doubt tend to slow up the drive for progressive federal social legislation. It would undoubtedly encourage nationally the Tom Girdlers, Eugene Graces, et al. It would give Tammany an opportunity to dictate the 1938 gubernatorial nomination. Certain craft-union racketeers would feel tremendously strengthened. The relief structure, now pretty well cleaned of clubhouse control, would revert back to it in great measure. The reactionary Catholic hierarchy, which had much to say about New York education in the Tammany days, will receive renewed strength. In short, the fascist forces of the city will be in the ascendant and will consequently be encouraged nationally.

A special feature of the current campaign will be the elections to the City Council by proportional representation. This type of voting, won in the city-wide referendum last year, spells doom for Tammany's ancient control of the city's legislative body based as it was on aldermanic districts. For the first time in years, minority parties will have an opportunity to elect their own candidates. Persons who have hitherto hesitated to "waste a vote" on radical and labor candidates can, through proportional r[illegible] voting, indicate their first, sec[illegible] choices, etc. It is a virtual certainty th[illegible] coming election will bring at least four or five Labor Party councilmen to City Hall and, possibly, one Communist and one Socialist.



Robert Joyce

The prospect of a strong progressive minority in the City Council especially enrages the city's tories. Tammany, which has never hesitated to use its allies among the reactionary Catholic hierarchy, is already busily seeking to discredit proportional representation. Speaking from the pulpit of St. Patrick's Cathedral—something hardly possible without the consent of Cardinal Hayes—the Rev. William J. Kenealy on July 4 denounced the new voting system (used in the Irish Free State) as contrary to the spirit of the Declaration of Independence and as an attack "upon the majority system of expressing the mind of the people."

Father Kenealy's attack, astonishing as it was to thousands of Catholic New Yorkers who had voted for proportional representation, came shortly after legal attacks upon proportional representation by Tammany stooges had failed in the courts. Other attempts to sabotage proportional representation are in the offing, however. The paper ballots will be cluttered with dozens of nuisance candidates placed there expressly by the Tammany high command to confuse the voters. Difficulties of tabulating the ballots will be magnified by a Tammany-dominated Board of Elections.

But if the reactionaries are pulling every trick out of the bag, the progressives are beginning to show themselves as shrewd people too. The alliance between labor and the middle class is fast being formed. As Sidney Hillman, A.L.P. leader, put it recently, "Labor must make the cause of good government its own." Against the out-and-out tories and the boodlers there will be a united front this fall of the progressives and those citizens who, while not always in agreement with their allies on all national questions, believe in honest government administered by people with a social viewpoint.

It is, however, the labor movement that will have to bear the brunt of the campaign. Upper-class support, even with good government as an issue, is always doubtful. The *Herald Tribune,* which supported LaGuardia in 1933 against Tammany, is a case in point. Admitting the honesty of the present mayor, the *Herald Tribune* nevertheless editorialized (July 10):

> Ordinarily a municipal election can and should be decided upon local issues of taxation and honesty of service. The present is no ordinary time. Thanks to the alliance between Mr. Lewis and Mr. Roosevelt, the country has just passed through one of its gravest governmental crises. We think it the duty of good citizenship to study carefully the candidates offered by all parties before reaching a decision.

The moral? Those who want to defeat reaction must rely principally on labor and the lower middle class—the average citizen, if you please, those forces which are the heart and soul of any emerging people's-front movement.

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Fordism at Bay

The hair-raising methods of Ford's "service department" make it quite clear that putting him in his place is a job for all of us

By William B. Smith

FOR twelve days after he was beaten by Ford service men on May 26, Ralph Dunham vomited blood. Internal hemorrhages and the displacement of a vital organ had so weakened him that six weeks later Dunham collapsed on the witness stand at a National Labor Relations Board hearing. There is no certainty that this young worker will ever fully recover from his injuries. "Something had been broken loose in the pit of my stomach," he testified. When Dunham had been revived and his testimony was ended, Louis J. Colombo, Sr., faced trial examiner John Lindsay.

"I move that all the testimony of this witness be stricken from the record as being incompetent, immaterial, and irrelevant."

That trite court jargon, repeated endlessly throughout the proceedings, expresses the whole of Henry Ford's social philosophy—complete and utter disregard for human beings. Neither the lord of River Rouge nor Harry A. Bennett, his director of personnel, attended the daily sessions. In fact, it is quite likely that they have never seen any of the fifteen men and women who barely escaped with their lives when Bennett's mob attacked them. Ford believes in division of labor, so he turned the solution of personnel problems over to a man known to pugilism as Sailor Reese. By selecting Bennett for such a job Ford made terror, force, and bloodshed the controlling factors in his labor policy.

If there were no question of unionization involved, the evidence that has come to light at Detroit would still be conclusive and damning. No matter how the N.L.R.B. may rule, no matter what decision the courts may hand down, Henry Ford stands convicted. He and the men who run his industrial kingdom have provided evidence that a Hitler might envy. But most shocking of all is the studied, insolent assurance of Ford's legal staff. The case is revolting beyond measure, yet his agents suffer from no qualms of conscience.

To give these court-room scenes their proper flavor, something of their background is needed. First, one should remember that, prior to May 26, Walter Reuther had obtained a Dearborn permit which allowed the distribution of literature. Second, when Reuther and Richard Frankensteen were slugged and forced off the Gate 4 overpass above Miller Road, they did not have any union leaflets with them. They were attacked on property which had been leased from the Ford Motor Co. by the Detroit Street Railways. By any legal standard every bit of violence that occurred "at" the Ford plant took place on public property and was carried on in defiance of the law.

Bert Hayden

Determined his line of defense

True, Colombo asserted that his master had "special rights" even on the county road that borders the River Rouge plant, but he failed to introduce evidence to bear out this contention. And, indeed, it is the total lack of any such supporting evidence, moral or legal, that lends a quality of fascist horror to these N.L.R.B. hearings. Human dignity and human rights have no place in Ford's scheme of things.

From time to time individuals and union groups have charged that this super-industrialist was a labor-hater who ruthlessly exploited the men he hired. And ugly stories have linked Ford's name directly with the Black Legion, with the underworld, with corrupt politics, and various vigilante groups. Though not all of these accusations were fully proved, they constituted an impressive indictment of Ford methods. Under trial examiner Lindsay, Lawrence Knapp and his associates on the National Labor Relations Board have proved most of these charges. And the evidence comes from many sources other than those primarily concerned with the organization of the union.

Arnold Freeman, photographer for the Detroit *Times,* a Hearst paper, arrived too late to catch the May 26 "riot," but his evidence turned the spotlight on gangsterism in the Ford service department. At Gate 4 Freeman recognized a man he had once snapped in connection with a hold-up. This led to the question: "What are you, a muscle-man out here or have you got a job in the foundry?"

"We were hired to take care of these union people," the man answered.

Then Freeman asked, "Have they got the down-river gang out here?"

They had. The stick-up man calmly pointed out Angelo Caruso, its leader, and suggested that Freeman take his picture.

William H. Merriweather came to the hearing with his torso in a plaster cast. Ford thugs had broken two of his vertebrae instead of "kicking his brains out," as they had been instructed to do. Merriweather was at Gate 4 to supervise the women who had gone there by street car to distribute literature for the United Automobile Workers. Before he was beaten unconscious, he saw gangs of service men rush the women as they left the cars.

Mrs. Catherine Gelles, a member of the U.A.W. Women's Auxiliary, told how she was knocked down and kicked. When she had asked a Dearborn mounted policeman on duty at Gate 4 to call an ambulance for another girl who had been injured, the officer answered: "This is Dearborn, not Detroit. Let her get back the way she came. We didn't ask her to come out here."

Nothing in the record is more sordid than the behavior of Dearborn police while Harry Bennett's strong-arm men were spreading Fordism. Emil Mazey, former U.A.W. organizer, was driving along a public highway when he saw an automobile filled with Ford service men giving chase to a car carrying girls who had come to distribute union leaflets. At a signal from the pursuers, a Dearborn cop forced the girls to halt. Mazey stopped his own car and went to investigate. He found the officer issuing a ticket for reckless driving though the girls had been making twenty miles per hour. The service men and the cop then herded the girls to the Dearborn police station. Mazey followed them, and when he reached the station, was grabbed by two Ford gangsters.

"They took me behind the cells and ordered me to take off my coat," he testified. "I thought I was going to get a beating. But they went through all my clothes, including my shoes and socks. They went through my notebook, and asked me what the notes meant. They gave me back my book but kept my social security receipt and other papers."

At this point trial examiner Lindsay interrupted the testimony. "Do you mean to say that the men who detained you were not Dearborn policemen, and that no charges

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were ever entered?" "I do," Mazey answered.

Lindsay then brought out by further questioning that a Dearborn cop had been present while Mazey was searched! Subsequent testimony by many witnesses, including a newspaper reporter, corroborated this astounding story. And through it all, Louis Colombo continued to object—"Incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial."

That search was not quite irrelevant to Ford's gangsters, however. They were after a bit of paper on which someone had scribbled their car license number. The girls were frisked for the same reason. Archie Kindell, Ford service man who drove the pursuing car, also substantiated Mazey's evidence. Somewhat incredulous, the trial examiner inquired if the Ford service department had any jurisdiction over the Dearborn police department. The witness didn't know. When Mr. Lindsay asked, "Do you think you had a right to be chasing people on the public highway?," Kindell answered, "No, I guess not."

The court was interested in finding out who gave Archie his orders, but the witness couldn't be sure. He thought it might have been somebody named Ray.

Frederick Arnold, another photographer for the Detroit *Times,* also got a taste of Dearborn justice. A big thug known as "Tubby" had spotted him and yelled: "There's a cameraman, break that camera!" Arnold jumped into a *Times* car driven by Omar Shull. Together they raced up Miller Road, Tubby and two other service men driving close behind them. The chase lasted nearly five miles.

"What were you looking for?" asked Christopher Hoey, N.L.R.B. attorney.

"We were looking for a policeman, a scout car, a police station—anything that meant law and order." Arnold had seen Bennett's thugs in action.

They reached the Melvindale police station, and Ford's crew caught up with them there. Inside, Arnold was forced to open his camera to prove that he had taken no pictures. Needless to say, the three service men were not held. After one of them explained that they had been given orders not to allow any photographs to be taken around the Ford plant, Emery Steele, the police officer on duty, phoned Everett Moore, head of Ford service. That seemed to make everything all right.

It is astonishing how readily these service men took blanket orders to commit assault and battery without apparently knowing who issued them. Joseph Patrick Barnick was transferred from production to organized thuggery early in April. Someone assigned him to a car stationed at Gate 5 and instructed him to "beat up and bring into the service department" anybody caught distributing handbills. Barnick missed the excitement on May 26 because he went on duty at five o'clock in the afternoon, relieving men who had been in the "fight." Louis Colombo tried to show that part of Barnick's duties was to protect Ford property—until the witness admitted that he had never been given a map or told which was Ford and which was public property.

Immediately after the May 26 "riot" the Ford Motor Co. disclaimed any participation in the assaults. According to the company's version, loyal employees had merely defended themselves from attacks by outside agitators. Like the fascist dictators, Henry Ford believes that the lie should fit the occasion—the bigger the better, in other words. Not all of his underlings have the same master touch, however. Hence their reluctant answers and painful lapses of memory. This is customary, too, when gangsters are on trial. And no one hearing these cheap hoodlums and stooges give evidence could miss the directing hand of Harry A. Bennett, now in charge of eighty-nine thousand workers.

So far it has been impossible to discover how many are employed in "service." And to date no one knows the number of paroled convicts who are on Bennett's force—some estimates say one thousand; there are certainly hundreds. Being on the parole board himself, Harry gets the cream of the crop. Black-jack artists, husky sluggers, and brass-knuckle experts are shipped directly from prison to River Rouge. Incidentally, it is significant that Harry Bennett, Ford's liaison with the underworld, has become his chief spokesman, replacing Sorenson who is general manager in charge of actual production. This is a logical development, indicating all too plainly what Ford considers his basic problem. The emphasis has shifted—from control of machinery to control of men. And that control needs gangster methods to make it effective.

Faced with the prospect of an awakening labor force, and a quickening public conscience, Ford long ago determined his line of defense. The N.L.R.B. hearings and the recent grand jury indictment of eight service men show the reign of physical terror that has been invoked.

But for all its spectacular quality, this aspect of Fordism is overreached by subtler and more powerful devices that shadow the lives of Ford workers. A speed-up system without parallel in any large scale industry, never-ending hostility to unionization, and direct interference with the private and family affairs of his employees have marked Henry Ford's labor policy down through the years. As early as 1914, when his famous five-dollar-a-day wage was announced, men were finding him an impossible taskmaster. In some departments labor turnover had reached a rate of 100 percent for a six-month period. Early in the depression Ford cut wages by more than half—during 1930 men who made nine dollars a day were cut to four, without warning or recourse.

Today, rationalization throughout the River Rouge plant has turned production men into mechanical slaves. From the steaming grime of the foundry (penitentiary, the men call it) to the final assembly lines where visitors see empty frames built up to finished cars at the rate of one a minute, workers move fast, tight-lipped and silent. Pushers, star-men, job-setters, and foremen are on hand to detect any let-down and search for ways to increase speed. One shift is pitted against another, and individuals are driven to match the extremely fast pace set by someone who has the foreman's promise of "a raise if you step it up."

In this atmosphere of strain and hurry, Bennett's service men mooch about, spying, eavesdropping, even trying to trap workers

"But my God, Stilbourne, the Wagner Act can't change human nature!"

John Heliker

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with phony union talk. As one Ford employee put it: "From the moment you get inside that bull-pen, you're caught in a web. I've seen men stand all night in winter, huddled around little fires, waiting to grab a place in line next morning. Then the horse cops ride in, and you're hustled single file past two service men and a guy from the employment office. A bird in front of me once let his elbow rest on a railing. A service man threw him out. 'What do you think you're leaning on—didn't you get enough sleep last night?'" Workers agree that the best way to land a job is to say you'll take anything.

Lunch "hour" at Ford's lasts fifteen minutes, except for those men who are not part of the three-shift operation. The latter get twenty to thirty minutes. Ford doesn't believe in spoiling his robots by giving them a place to sit. They grab a bite wherever they are. Some squat on the floor, others eat standing. Theoretically, job-setters are supposed to fill in for men who leave their places, whether they go on company or personal business. Actually, production men find it almost impossible to get away. Ford's schedule does not include a trip to the washroom. Workers who insist may be laid off or demoted.

Ford supervision does not stop at the factory gates. His stooges make the rounds of barber shops and beer parlors, listening, snooping for union news. On pay days, especially, these "loyal" employees haunt the places where workers get together for a glass of beer. A Negro foundryman told of two friends who got a little bit tight and talked union at a bar. "I knew it was risky to open your mouth, but you couldn't stop 'em till it was too late. Why, I wouldn't sit on my own front porch and say a good word for the U.A.W. Your next-door neighbor is just as likely to turn your name in."

Only economic pressure and the incessant fear of unemployment can keep men working under such conditions. Henry Ford has exploited these factors to the limit. And since individuals were powerless to protest, the lord of Dearborn's labor creed forbade his men to join a union, to talk of a union, or to attend union meetings. During the General Motors strike a printed notice reached many workers at River Rouge via their pay envelopes. Unlike most of his slogans and aphorisms, this particular bit of Ford philosophy was direct and to the point. It read: "I can go without work for two years. Can *you?*"

Unionization has been the one great threat to Ford's tyrannous rule. Year by year he fought it with an ever-increasing army of spies and criminals. True, these same service men were helpful in other ways—they looked into the "morals" of production workers—but their real function was to ferret out and suppress all union activity.

And here, too, the N.L.R.B. hearing has laid bare the mechanics of Bennett's sinister network. Day after day Ford men have testified, and the list of witnesses is still lengthening. Elmer Mackie joined the U.A.W. on April 3. On May 25 he was let out. "You know the reason why," a service man told him. Technically he was charged with insubordination and unsatisfactory work. In twelve years Mackie had been absent four times and late twice.

"Ja, unser Lager ist 100 prozent amerikanisch." Colin

Alphonso Kuzulis testified that he had worked for Ford eighteen years. In January he attended union meetings sponsored by the Dodge U.A.W. local. On February 4, Alphonso got orders to report to the employment office. There he was accused of belonging to the union. When he denied it, Kuzulis was told that a "guy" had taken his badge number at the Dodge local. That was his last day at River Rouge.

Sometimes Bennett's stooges used strong-arm methods in the plant. John Barron, a machine-repair man, put in fourteen years with Ford. This counted for nothing when spies suspected him of being union-minded. June 16, a new sweeper came into Barron's department. While John was at work on the ground, the new man swept dirt into his face and followed this by splashing red lead over the machinery. A little later the sweeper picked up a board and cracked Barron in the ribs. At this moment a service man strolled by—together they went after Barron. He was fired the same day, for having made trouble on the job. The service man said to John, "You made speeches in union halls. . . . You should have been shot long ago."

Joseph Sable got "caught" playing baseball with members of the A.U.W. local 174. The day after the game Joe's foreman took him into the tool crib where a husky newcomer was looking things over. "I happened to brush his arm," Sable testified. "He started swinging at me. I thought he was crazy. He looked punch-drunk. I tried to hold him off, but couldn't. Finally I ran out of the crib and right into the arms of three service men who apparently had been waiting outside. They took me to the employment office, and I was fired for fighting."

Almost every person who has worked at River Rouge knows how the spy system operates and what its purpose is. The N.L.R.B. has selected forty instances of discharge and flagrant discrimination, where men with years of excellent work behind them were summarily dismissed, more than enough to reveal Ford's bitter hatred of unions and the long-held policy of economic terrorization that has kept his workers "satisfied." The evidence conclusively links Fordism and its European twin, fascism.

Workers in the Detroit area have watched this trial closely. They see in it the first real challenge to Ford's power. Men who punch time-cards in other sweated plants, where Ford farms out contracts and wages are beaten down, have taken new courage. They know that Harry Bennett's gang is on the spot at last. And not only workers but groups outside the labor movement are joining this crusade. The Conference for Protection of Civil Rights has followed its fine work on the Black Legion by a strong campaign against Fordism; the LaFollette Committee is preparing to take action. As a Ford tool- and die-maker expressed it, "Licking Henry Ford is a job for the whole nation—liberals and union men too."

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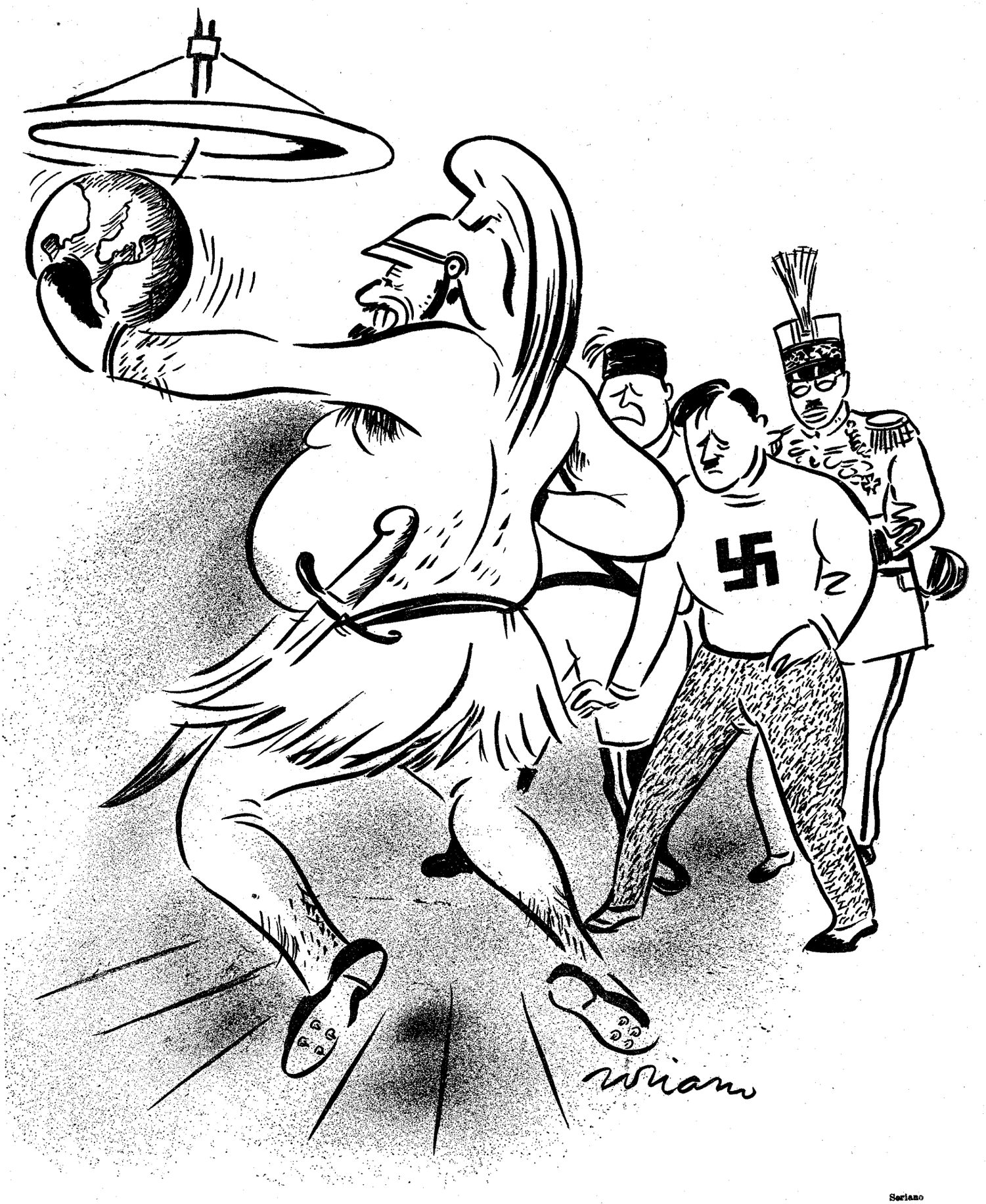

TRAINING FOR THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY

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Political Lesson

IF ever an American President received a popular mandate to carry out announced policies, that President was Franklin D. Roosevelt. An overwhelming majority of the voters made it clear last November that they supported his program. Yet eight months later, the reform of the Supreme Court, which the President regarded as central to his program, was killed in the Senate. The storm around the court bill made it abundantly clear that the division was along class lines. Labor organizations and bodies representing progressive middle-class opinion supported the bill; reactionary groups, representing big business and high finance, fought the bill, and these organized a political lynching bee against the President both in Congress and in the press. The tories were impressed neither by the popular mandate nor by the President's appeal to his own class that he was saving capitalism by reforming it; they intend to make no concessions to the people. Pretending to guard free American institutions against the "dictator" in the White House, they were in fact fighting a liberal attempt to deprive the Supreme Court of the absolute, tyrannical powers which it has usurped in the interests of the most reactionary forces in this country.

The battle over the Supreme Court crystallized a process which has been going on for some time. Old party lines, represented by the Republican and Democratic labels and formed in other times, have begun to dissolve. The President's compromise measure was killed by fifty-three reactionary Democrats supported by sixteen reactionary Republicans and Farmer-Laborite Shipstead. It was supported in the last skirmish by twenty Democrats, the Progressive Bob LaFollette, and the Farmer-Laborite Lundeen. This was the most dramatic disregard of party lines in the Senate, but by no means the first.

There is plenty of speculation as what Roosevelt will do. It is said he may achieve Supreme Court reform indirectly by appointing new judges as various old ones retire. Another guess is that he will not abandon his reiterated position that the Supreme Court must be changed by statute to enable him to deal with a new America. We hope the second guess is correct, and the President will return to the fray in the next session of Congress. But on an issue as vital as this the American people cannot depend on the will of one man. Those labor and liberal organizations which have pressed for reform until now must redouble their efforts to break the usurped, tyrannical powers of the Supreme Court. They can do this partly by exerting pressure on Congress. But their strongest weapon can be forged out of that dissolution of old party allegiances which the court fight brought out. Never was the need for a people's party, a farmer-labor party, more evident than today.

Embattled Madrid

FROM the beginning it was clear that the Spanish war would be won or lost on the central front. That front, roughly, extends from the Guadarramas to Albacete and from Cordoba to Madrid. It is still too early to say which side has emerged winner from the titanic struggle now being waged just outside of Madrid. But it is possible to assert that the outcome of this battle may decide control of this critical front. Especially does this appear true if victory should go to the loyalists.

The republican army began its offensive from the Madrid-Escorial road on July 6. Within a week, it had carved out a salient in insurgent territory with apexes at three strategically located villages—Brunete, Villanueva de Cañada, and Villanueva del Pardillo. The insurgent counter-attack has pushed the loyalists out of Brunete, though the village itself may be of little military importance now for it has been leveled to the ground. It is reported that both sides have thrown their best troops into the battle and that losses have been extremely heavy on both sides.

What appears to have happened is that both Miaja and Franco were simultaneously prepared to start offensives after months of careful preparation. The loyalists jumped the gun by a narrow margin and this, in retrospect, may win the day for them. For the rebels have been forced to attack in order to regain territory rather than to occupy Madrid proper. It is entirely possible that they may be forced into a stalemate very shortly, with their original objective—breaking the Madrid defense—thwarted.

This will open another opportunity for the Spanish people's army. Its power of recuperation is infinitely greater than that of the fascists. The latter are already a great drain on Hitler and Mussolini; stalemates do not lessen that drain. A loyalist spokesman is reported to have said that the fascists must win this battle but the loyalists could go on without it.

Showdown in China

THERE is no longer room for doubt about Japan's intentions in North China. Either virtual annexation by Japan of the important provinces of Hopei and Chahar or resistance by China amounting to a major war; either capitulation or conflict.

Needless to say, Japan is trying to mask this ugly truth in a number of ways. One is to repeat that Japan desires a "local" settlement without intervention from the central Chinese government at Nanking. Such a "local" settlement could favor only Japan; if it did not, Japan would declare war and the Chinese could successfully resist only on a national scale. Indeed, should Nanking acquiesce in a local settlement, that would already be a capitulation. For if Nanking is to have no part in the settlement, then its jurisdiction over the two provinces is by that very fact undermined.

Japanese sources also stress that they "simply" want General Sun Cheh-yuan, head of the Hopei-Chahar Political Council, to leave the region in company with his troops of the Twenty-Ninth Army. They are well aware of the fact that General Sung has in recent months worked closely with Nanking precisely because of the radicalization which has taken place in his own army. To transfer the Twenty-Ninth Army out of Hopei would leave the Japanese free from all possible resistance.

It is of tremendous importance that the Nanking government has until now resisted every one of these subterfuges. The Chinese are noted not only for their patience but, once aroused, for their tenacity and self-sacrifice.

Five to Go

SIX years ago nine innocent Negro boys were framed in Scottsboro, Ala., on rape charges and condemned to die. The International Labor Defense, and subsequently other progressive organizations and individuals, took up their fight. Again and again the lies of the prosecution were exposed. Ruby Bates, one of the alleged victims of the "rape," came out with the truth, admitted her perjury, showed up the falsehoods of the other alleged victim, Virginia Price. Lester Carter, a white boy who accompanied the two girls on the train where the crime was said to have been committed, also absolved the nine Negro defendants. The doctor called by the prosecution to examine the two girls testified that they showed no signs

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of having been attacked. And Virginia Price, the only one who stuck to her original lie, told eleven different stories at the eleven different trials at which the Scottsboro boys were legally tortured. The whole affair stank so thoroughly of the lynch spirit that the United States Supreme Court twice reversed the death sentences of the Alabama court.

The remarkable fight conducted by the International Labor Defense, the Scottsboro Defense Committee, the Communist Party, and other groups finally compelled the Alabama court to a compromise. In deference to the world-wide pressure of enlightened public opinion, four of the Scottsboro boys have been freed; in deference to the southern lynch spirit the other five have been given monstrously long prison sentences.

The release of four innocent victims of the Alabama frame-up is a great victory for the forces of progress and for the Negro people. The imprisonment of the other five boys, equally innocent, is a triumph for southern reactionaries. Those who saved the lives of the nine boys by making effective the slogan, "They shall not die," must now exert all their power to free Heywood Patterson, Clarence Norris, Andy Wright, Charlie Weems, and Ozzie Powell. The cases of these five will be appealed to the higher Alabama courts, possibly to the United States Supreme Court.

The campaign on the legal plane was tremendously aided by the kind of popular action which freed four of the frame-up victims. Telegrams and letters of protest against the imprisonment of the remaining five should flood the offices of the governor of Alabama and the prosecutor, and every possible assistance should be given to the Scottsboro Defense Committee at 112 East 19th Street, New York City.

Murder for Profit

MR. W. J. CAMERON, who interprets Fordism to anyone that will listen, had a bad break recently. Speaking to the National Editorial Association, he warned them against the publicity which editors are giving to cases that come before the National Labor Relations Board. "Publicity is the lash of the whip," he said. With the Ford Motor Co. under heavy fire, Mr. Cameron assured his listeners that the Wagner Act "sets up traveling courts of inquisition which can enter any community and draw up charges against any industry upon the word of the most irresponsible elements in the community."

On the very day that Mr. Cameron made this misleading statement Massillon's Chief of Police, Stanley Switter, was testifying in Washington. Mr. Switter had an interesting story to tell the N.L.R.B., and Richard D. Hartman, city solicitor of Massillon, corroborated it.

The chief had kept order for six weeks while strikers picketed the Republic mill in his city. But it was not the sort of order Tom Girdler or Henry Ford could appreciate. According to Switter's testimony, Carl Meyers, in charge of the Canton-Massillon district for Republic Steel, wanted him to take action—the kind of action that had already made Chicago police infamous. At first the chief said no.

It needed weeks of "pounding down" by the Law & Order League, steel corporation officers, and General Marlin of the National Guard to give Chief Switter a proper realization of his duties. Insisting that it was "no time to be neutral," General Marlin urged the appointment of seventy-five deputies from Republic's private army. Local business men stormed at him, and finally Chief Switter yielded.

"I said all right, I would appoint the whole damned outfit. I would give them everything they wanted. I could see there would be a battle and bloodshed as soon as they put guns in those rookies' hands."

The guns were forthcoming, too. At a secret night meeting near the Brookside Country Club, Republic Steel delivered a consignment of munitions—sawed-off shotguns and shells, tear-gas guns and projectiles. July 11 this equipment was used to murder striking steel workers. And note this: before Massillon's "better element" turned the heat on, Mr. Switter had been complimented by a National Guard observer on the peacefulness of the local situation.

They Troop to Conquer

WHILE naval vessels and aircraft pressed their vain search for Amelia Earhart, thousands of men and women in towns and cities over America were engaged in a tragic and futile hunt of their own. There was desperation in their efforts, too. These prosaic thousands were looking for work. Heads of families worn by privation and hunger, "unattached" persons, clerks, writers, laborers, people in every walk of life who make up the vast army dismissed from W.P.A. Singly and in groups these by-products of so-called recovery sought jobs from coast to coast. On July 15 holders of "pink slips" numbered 437,000, and 300,000 more are scheduled to go off the W.P.A. rolls by the middle of October.

Failing to find jobs, failing also in their appeals to Congress and to private industry, these men and women have called for a national job march which will converge on Washington August 23. Arranged by the Workers' Alliance, this dramatic demonstration was undertaken only when every other avenue of hope seemed closed. Declaring that "It is not patriotic to starve," the marchers will urge passage of the Schwellenbach-Allen Joint Congressional Resolution which would block the mass layoffs that threaten those now on W.P.A. and force reinstatement of those already dismissed who have not found employment in private industry. A statement from the Workers' Alliance points out that "these thousands of unemployed, with their wives and children, will not by choice travel thousands of miles, enduring all kinds of hardships on the road, to come to Washington. They have found it necessary."

Funds for the march are being raised by the 2500 local units of the Alliance, and contributions are being received from trade unions, merchants, and other friendly organizations who have seen the bitter tragedy and desolation that mass dismissals bring to their own communities. They, too, set the lives of millions above the swollen bank balances of Liberty League plutocrats.

First Blood

CHARGES have been filed by the Book & Magazine Guild with the National Labor Relations Board protesting the discharge of David Redstone by Standard Magazines, Inc., publishers of *College Humor* and a score of other periodicals. This is the first anti-union discrimination case the Guild has had to fight. Significantly, it follows close on the heels of the Guild's consolidation as an industrial union chartered by the United Office & Professional Workers of America, a C.I.O. group.

As employee organizations settle down to the business of serious unionizing, employers crack down. The Redstone case is typical. Publisher Pines ambiguously declares, on the one hand, that Redstone was fired for purposes of economy, and, on the other, that Redstone wanted to "cut my throat." The first reason is obviously nonsense. Redstone's "superfluous" duties consisted of making up eighteen magazines, supervising technical editorial work, editing stories, writing blurbs, interviewing authors, handling advertising copy, and writing original features. The second reason is a distorted formulation of the truth: what it means is that Redstone was organizing an office where thirty-five employees, including the clerical staff, get out twenty-one magazines.

We greet the Book & Magazine Guild both on its emergence as an industrial union and on the occasion of its first struggle. May the workers it organizes, strengthened by C.I.O. affiliation, convert their first struggle into their first victory.

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H. N. Brailsford and the Generals

Q. WHAT'S this Brailsford piece they're talking about?

A. It's a piece entitled "What Has Happened in the U.S.S.R." It appeared in the *New Republic* of July 28; and its author is the well-known British Socialist, H. N. Brailsford.

Q. I was at a party with some writers the other night, and one of them was so upset by this Brailsford piece that he spilled his cocktail. Why should an article about what happened in the U.S.S.R. upset him? The Webbs wrote a swell book about the Soviet Union and Albert Rhys Williams wrote another, but people seemed to take those books calmly.

A. Now you're getting somewhere. Brailsford's article was not at all about developments in the Soviet Union. It was only his notion as to why Marshal Tukhachevsky and seven other Red Army generals were executed. He belongs to that group of journalists who think that nothing else of importance has happened in Russia of late.

Q. Didn't Brailsford approve of the generals' trial? Did he think it was a frame-up?

A. Not quite. Brailsford has developed a very curious theory. He believes that Tukhachevsky actually maintained cordial relations with leaders of the German army; therefore he was innocent; therefore he should not have been executed.

Q. You're crazy. Nobody could argue such a silly idea.

A. Brailsford argues it. You see, he is one of those liberals who can make out a fairly logical and scholarly case against imperialism, but can become utterly befuddled when he tries to grapple with certain episodes in the Bolshevik revolution.

Q. Those are harsh words, Comrade.

A. Okay; let me give you some examples. At the time of the Brest-Litovsk treaty, Brailsford reviled the Bolsheviks as traitors to international socialism with whom no socialist could have any further relations. Again, in 1918, he denounced Lenin for dissolving the Constituent Assembly. As you know, history proved Lenin right and Brailsford wrong.

Q. But how was Brailsford to know at that time what the correct policies were? Maybe he didn't have all the available information.

A. Palme Dutt gave a good answer to that question when he said that the test of a socialist is to be able to judge at the time, and to take part in the fight when the fight is needed, not after the event when the facts have become clear to the dullest philistine.

Q. And you think Brailsford is making a similar blunder in the case of the eight generals?

A. Let me tell you the history of the *New Republic* article and see what you think. Do you remember the charges against Tukhachevsky and his fellow-conspirators?

Q. I remember the official explanation of Commissar of War Voroshiloff as it appeared in the papers. He said the eight generals did wrecking and spying work on the money of foreign espionage services; that they sold the military secrets of the Red Army to enemies of the Soviet Union; that they did everything to hasten the enemy's attack on the Soviet Union. Their plan was to wreck supplies of war materials at the front and so direct military operations that they would bring about the defeat of the Red Army. Theirs was a fascist organization whose purpose was to restore the landlords and manufacturers. They were prepared to assassinate Soviet leaders. And they were ready to give away the Ukraine. I should say these are pretty shocking charges.

A. What is shocking are not the charges but the facts. I suppose you know that German sources themselves have recently sustained Tukhachevsky's guilt.

Q. Really?

A. Yes. Let me read you this story published by the Scripps-Howard papers. It is cabled by their foreign affairs expert, William Philip Simms. Under date of July 21, Simms cabled from Berlin: "On the authority of a high personage I can state that Marshal Tukhachevksy of the Soviet army actually conspired with German agents with a view to revolutionizing the entire central and eastern European status quo. The present regime in Moscow was to have been overthrown and a new one substituted which would march hand in hand with Berlin. The positions of Poland and Czechoslovakia would have become desperate, if not untenable. The Franco-Soviet alliance would have given way to a Nazi-Russian one. . . ."

Q. If this is true, Tukhachevsky was guilty of military treason and should have been executed.

A. That's what you and millions of other people may think. Brailsford, on the other hand, thinks that Tukhachevsky acted quite honorably in negotiating with an avowed military foe of the Soviet Union, and that his punishment was barbarous.

Q. You were going to give me some background for the *New Republic* article.

A. Right. Our story starts about six weeks ago when H. N. Brailsford published an article entitled "Russia's Darkest Hour," in a London labor weekly called *Reynolds News*. Here he attacked the Soviet trials and indulged in the most fantastic accusations against the Soviet Union. He also echoed, even if unconsciously, certain aims of fascist diplomacy: he condoned an effort which would disrupt the Franco-Soviet pact and separate Western Europe from the Soviet Union. *Reynolds News* was flooded with hundreds of letters from socialists and rank-and-file workers condemning Brailsford and defending the Soviet Union.

Q. Was Brailsford impressed by these protests?

A. Not a bit. On June 27 *Reynolds News* published a second article by him entitled "I Stand by My Charges." This was based almost entirely upon a forgery published by the *News-Chronicle*. The forgery—neither the first nor the last to appear in the British press—purported to be a memorandum written by Stalin giving the inside dope on the case of the eight Red Army generals.

Q. Why should Stalin write such a memorandum and how would a British paper get hold of it?

A. You will have to ask Brailsford that. Official sources in the Soviet Union repudiated this document as a forgery. But Brailsford knew better. Standing by his charges on June 27, he declared bluntly: "In spite of an official denial, inquiries have satisfied me that Stalin was the original author."

Q. Where did he make his inquiries and what satisfied him?

A. Brailsford did not say. He produced no evidence. We have only his say-so.

Q. What does the alleged memorandum say?

A. That Stalin had said that Tukhachevsky and his fellow-conspirators were not charged with treason in any vulgar sense; that they did not betray secrets to the potential enemy for money; that, indeed, they did not betray military secrets at all. What they really wanted was Germany to be embroiled in war with other capitalist states and Russia to remain outside the conflict. Far from seeking Russia's defeat, their policy was to wait until the capitalists were exhausted by a war among themselves and the workers were in revolt everywhere. Then, and then only, should the Red Army march to establish a communist state of society.

Q. What about Tukhachevsky's relations with the German general staff?

A. In the *News-Chronicle* forgery, Stalin is made to say that the eight generals were opposed to the Soviet policy of alliances with

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bourgeois governments and of Russia's entry into the League of Nations. He is also cited as saying that Tukhachevsky established close contacts with the commanders of the Reichswehr when the Rapallo Treaty was concluded years ago, and continued them after Hitler came to power until he was exposed.

Q. And Brailsford accepted this memorandum as genuine?

A. He did. His article of June 27 contrasted the memorandum with Voroshiloff's explanation of the executions.

Q. To what conclusions did this contrast lead him?

A. Two conclusions. First, that Voroshiloff's story "is a lie from first to last." Second, that Stalin, in his memorandum, has confirmed "the worst that any friend of Russia dared to think."

Q. How did Brailsford justify Tukhachevsky's actions?

A. Here is what Brailsford said on June 27: "The close relations between the Red Army and the Reichswehr during the life of the German republic were no secret, and had the approval of the Soviet government. Was it wrong to continue them after Hitler came to power? I think not. It is widely known that the Reichswehr maintains its own independent policy and does not share the Fuehrer's hatred of Russia. To keep it as friendly as possible may have been wise."

Q. But how can the German army have a policy independent of its government?

A. It can't. Only very naïve people can play with such a deadly fantasy.

Q. Besides, the memorandum says that Tukhachevsky and his fellow-conspirators wanted to embroil the German army in a war with other capitalist states. Could Red Army men have that much influence upon the armed forces of the Hitler regime?

A. That's pretty fantastic, I admit; but apparently not too fantastic for Brailsford.

Q. Besides, how is it possible to embroil other powers in a war without involving the Soviet Union? Every school-boy knows that in any major war the fascist powers will attack the Soviet Union.

A. Right you are. Even on the basis of Brailsford's own silly testimony, Tukhachevsky was guilty of a frightful crime; he was seeking adventurously to create a situation which would inevitably lead to attacks upon his country.

Q. Are these the ideas which he expresses in his *New Republic* article of July 28?

A. Interestingly enough, not quite. Brailsford has changed his mind about several matters in the past few weeks. Shortly after he published his article of June 27, Palme Dutt came out with a piece in London attacking him. Dutt wanted to know why Brailsford, who is usually so scrupulous, should have fallen, hook, line, and sinker, for the *News-Chronicle* "memorandum." The document, Dutt said, smells of forgery a mile off to any intelligent person, even if there had never been an immediate official denial. The *News-Chronicle* itself never gave any justification of its origin or authenticity. Its language and content gave it away at once. It makes Stalin speak of the "Slav" soul as the explanation of the confessions, which is so remote from Stalin's way of thinking that Brailsford omitted this passage when he cited the memorandum. The document also carefully explains that the generals were not guilty of treason but stood for world revolution as against the Franco-Soviet pact and the League of Nations policy—a typical Trotskyist notion. Finally, the document makes Stalin employ the language of Hitler after the 1934 "blood purge"; he speaks of "my enemies," "therefore I struck," etc. In short, the whole thing amounts to a clumsy political satire.

Q. What effect did Palme Dutt's polemic have upon Brailsford?

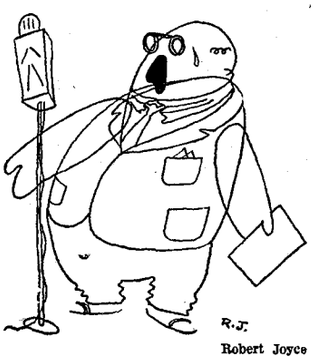
A. That's hard to say. All I know is that when Brailsford wrote his views about the eight generals for the *New Republic* he made some important changes in his original position.

Q. For instance?

A. You remember that on June 27 Brailsford stated bluntly that he had made inquiries about the *News-Chronicle* memorandum and had satisfied himself that Stalin was the original author. But writing for the *New Republic* a month later he says that "one must treat this document with caution." On June 27 he compared this forgery with the official explanation and declared bluntly that Voroshiloff's story was a lie. In the *New Republic* he is much more careful; he merely says that the two statements are in flat contradiction—which nobody can deny. Then he concentrates only upon that part of the alleged memorandum which states that Tukhachevsky continued relations with the German army after Hitler came to power.

Q. And does he continue to justify Tukhachevsky's conduct?

A. He does and in a very comic way, too. Listen to this. "It is then probable (indeed, from several sources I have heard it as a fact) that the friendly relations of the two staffs [illegible]. That may well have seemed a wise and prudent policy to Tukhachevsky, though whether either staff was personally loyal to its Fuehrer is another matter. One can imagine some lively mutual confidences between these soldiers concerning the psychology of dictators."



Robert Joyce

Q. Does Brailsford think it proper for a Red Army commander to betray the leaders of the Soviet Union? Does he think it right for them to exchange "lively confidences" with Hitler's generals? What would he say if several loyalist generals took it into their heads to follow a military policy contrary to that of the government of republican Spain? Suppose they got together with Franco's generals to exchange some lively confidences?

A. That, as you imply, would be high treason, and the Spanish generals would be quite properly shot. Tukhachevsky and his crew were also guilty of military treason, as Brailsford admits. They maintained friendly relations and exchanged confidences with an army being prepared for an attack on the Soviet Union. And they were quite properly shot.

Q. Then what is Brailsford squawking about?

A. He thinks that Red Army generals who, as he admits, exchanged confidences with Hitler's generals, might be dismissed. They might even be exiled. But they must not be shot.

Q. Then how does he explain the shooting?

A. He says flatly, without proof or explanation, that Tukhachevsky "was shot because he was a Communist." According to Brailsford, only he is a true Communist who defies the decisions of the Communist Party and the socialist state, who secretly negotiates with an enemy army, who exchanges confidences with fascist military men plotting to destroy his socialist fatherland.

Q. It seems that Brailsford considers it proper and honorable for a Red Army general to embroil other countries in a war, to shed the blood of millions for a wild adventure. Is that what makes a real Communist?

A. If Brailsford understood communism he would not have got into this mess. The Soviet Union wants to build socialism. Socialism requires peace—world peace. Hence the consistent peace policy of the U.S.S.R. But according to Brailsford, Stalin, who pursues a peace policy, is a barbarian, while Tukhachevsky, who wanted to instigate a war and was a pal of the Reichswehr commanders was both an honorable man and a real Communist.

Q. It sounds screwy to me.

A. You said it, Comrade.

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Fascism and Minor Powers

Recent developments in Greece and Switzerland outline a pattern which can be expected to recur

By F. Elwyn Jones

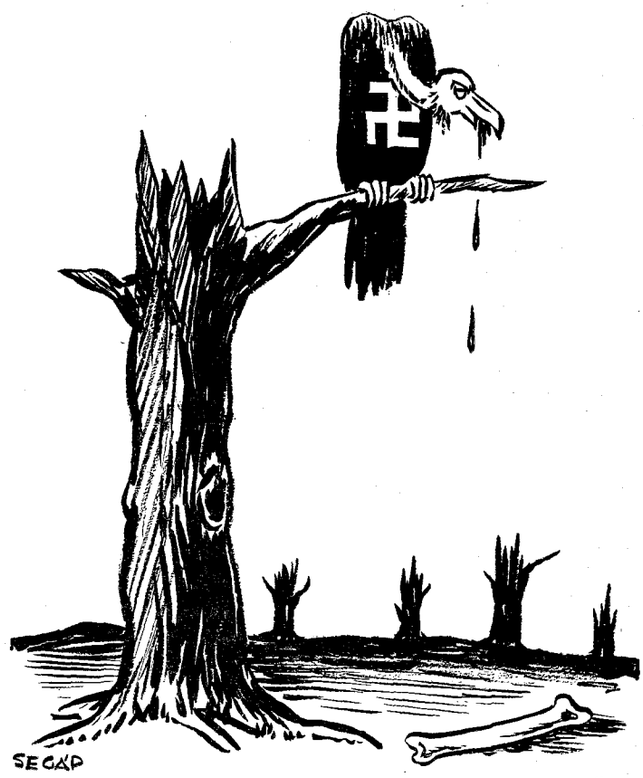
THE Greek is as politically minded today as he was in the time of Aristotle; little success has accompanied the efforts of General Metaxas to reconcile him to a dictatorship which not only shuts him out from all political activities, but deprives him of the most elementary personal liberties. The Greek dictatorship is the newest in Europe, and it is interesting to observe how set the technique of fascism has become. Its seizure of power was typical.

On the morning of August 5, 1936, as I recounted in my recent book, *Hitler's Drive to the East,* Athens woke up to the sound of soldiers marching. At eleven o'clock the previous night the police had occupied all the trade-union buildings and cleared out the staffs of newspaper offices so that no newspaper should appear on the fifth. The key buildings of the city were occupied by troops, and martial law was declared. An official announcement was posted up all over Athens stating that, with the consent of the king, the Metaxas government had seized power, and proposed to save the country by exterminating the Communists, "these bloodthirsty foes of order, of the fatherland, family, and religion, paid by Moscow."

The newest fascist state was thus ushered in on the same pretext as that used by all its predecessors, namely, the threat of Communist revolution. Mussolini, when he "marched" on Rome, made much the same proclamation. So did Hitler when the Reichstag was in flames.

Actually, a general strike had been arranged for August 5, to protest against the government's proposals to establish compulsory arbitration (with arbitration commissions to be composed in most cases of representatives of the employers and of the state only), and to introduce government control over all existing workers' insurance funds. The strike was to have started at midnight on August 4, and to have ended at midnight on the fifth. There was no intention and no possibility of revolutionary action. The Greek working class was unarmed and badly organized; any revolutionary action would have been suicidal. The Communist Party itself was weak. In the last free elections it had polled only 70,000 votes out of a total of 1,200,000.

The strike proposal, however, was warmly supported by the Greek masses, who were finding their conditions of life intolerable. Wages of industrial workers varied from thirty to sixty drachmas a day (a drachma is worth about a cent at the present rate of exchange). The peasants were in a worse plight than the townsfolk. They were hopelessly in debt to the banks, to the average amount of 3000 drachmas per family. This sum represents only thirty dollars, yet so meager is his income, that it is sufficient to enslave a Greek peasant for the rest of his life. Under present conditions there is no possibility of his ever being able to pay it off. Desperately he tries to scrape together the interest due, to save his furniture, clothes, farming implements, and even primitive utensils in which his food is cooked, from brutal seizure by the police. There is extreme under-consumption in Greece of all foodstuffs. As a result, one out of every six Greeks suffers from tuberculosis.



Segap

Conditions such as these made the position of the authorities precarious, so long as democratic institutions remained through which discontent could be expressed. In order to protect the status quo, therefore, the democratic institutions had to go. And on August 5, the king and General Metaxas, supported by the bankers and generals, dissolved parliament, suppressed the trade unions, suppressed the democratic parties, clapped a rigid control over the press, and threw into prison those who opposed the dictatorship. Thus all channels through which discontent might express itself openly were blocked.

Ever since that time, the Metaxas government has been trying desperately to create a popular basis for itself. Compulsory flags, eternal photographs of the king and the inevitable Metaxas, and now slogans stamped on all letters—all this stock-in-trade propaganda is being used to try to win the Greek over. In addition, measures of social legislation have been passed to gain popularity. A minimum wage has been established. Soup kitchens have been set up in Athens for the many destitute who live there. These advances have, however, been offset by the abolition of working-class associations — trade unions and mutual aid societies, etc., and by an increase in the cost of living of from 25 to 30 percent. Bread has risen from 8.30 drachmas to 11.50 drachmas and oil from 38 to 60 drachmas.

The net result is the universal unpopularity of the regime. So profound is this that even a royalist opposition is growing up, based on the view that the oppressive policy of the present regime is stimulating the growth of bolshevism. Some of the very men who brought King George back to Athens are now pressing him to abandon the dictatorship with which he is so closely allied that if the dictatorship falls, King George may fall with it.

The mainstay of the regime is the army. There are motives of self-interest which keep the general staff of the army faithful to the king and General Metaxas. Ever since the war, the army has been divided on political issues. In 1920, when King Constantine was restored, the officers who had supported the Entente and had brought Greece into the war on the side of the allies were dismissed. In 1922, after the Asia Minor disaster, and the establishment of the rule of Plastiras in place of Constantine, the Entente officers were restored. In 1935, after the failure of the Venizelist rising, the Entente and republican officers were again dismissed and the present

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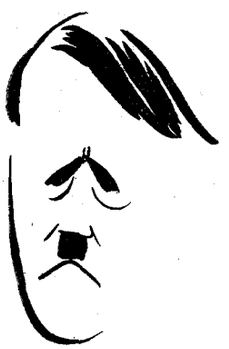
general staff was installed. This is monarchist by principle, and Germanophile by tradition. It now opposes the restoration of parliament on the ground that this might involve the reinstitution of the Venizelist officers, many of whom are far abler than those now in authority. Principle and direct self-interest combine to make the general staff a firm ally of General Metaxas in his Germanophile and anti-democratic policy.

Reassured by this military support, the Metaxas government snaps its fingers at its political opponents and ignores the significant developments which are taking place underground. Of outstanding importance is the ending of the old hostility between the Venizelists and the Tsaldarists. It was the deadlock between these two groups which gave General Metaxas his excuse and opportunity, for the *coup d'état* in August 1936. Now the Popular National Party, which is the successor of the pro-constitutional-monarchy Tsaldarist party, has come to an agreement with the liberal Venizelist parties. All are agreed that the throne shall remain. The republican leaders have apparently abandoned their republicanism and press now for a constitutional monarchy. The basis is to be the constitution of 1911, and King George is to enjoy all the powers which his predecessor had under that constitution. Parliament will be restored, and an interim government will be formed to draw up a new constitution. There will be a freely elected parliament, but proportional representation, which before the Metaxas coup enabled the Communist Party to hold the balance between the two main parties in the Chamber, is not to be restored. Trade unions will be free and the press will be free, though an extension of the libel laws is proposed.

What the results of this agreement will be remains to be seen. Political leaders at Athens complained to me that King George refused to see them and that Metaxas created a barrier between them and the king. But, they added, they still trusted the word of the king and relied on him to restore constitutionalism. Metaxas and the king are indeed lucky in their opponents, and one of the reasons for the survival of the regime up till now is the lack of an opponent with enough personal strength to stand up to King George. Venizelos could have done it. But Venizelos is dead.



Soriano

Not all the opponents of the regime are as accommodating as the leaders of the old parties, who, for the most part, are out-of-work political hacks. Some of the republicans continue their activities illegally and distribute secretly an excellent illegal newspaper called *Republican Action*. That republican feelings are still strong was shown in Athens on March 14, during the performance of a mass for Venizelos. Shouts of "Long live liberty and the constitution" were heard, and fifty people were arrested. Similar demonstrations occurred in Crete.

The Communist Party continues its work underground, despite the fact that all the known Communist leaders were thrown into prison on the first day of the dictatorship. *Rizopastis,* the party organ, is still being printed and distributed inside Greece. Relief for the families of political prisoners is also being organized.

The dictatorship itself is developing along Nazi lines. Greek fascists are being trained in Germany for their work in Greece. Canelopulos, appointed by General Metaxas to organize the fascist youth movement in Greece, boasts proudly that he received two years' free training in this work in Nazi Germany. Orders have now been given to the Greek boy scout movement to organize itself not after the English model, but after that of the Hitler youth.

More important from the point of view of the man in the street is the absolute power given to the secret police. The numbers, efficiency, and brutality of the secret police have greatly increased since the dictatorship was established, and terror along Berlin lines now exists at Athens. It is reported that Gestapo men have been sent there as instructors. It is interesting that when he left Athens in September 1936, Dr. Goebbels made a donation of 200,000 drachmas to the funds of the secret police. This fact was openly reported in the Greek newspapers at the time.

German influence can be seen everywhere at Athens. On the newspaper kiosks in the Athenian squares even the London *Times* is pushed into the corner while the *Völkischer Beobachter* is prominently displayed. Politically and economically, the Nazis are dominating Greece more and more and are turning the home of the arts into a cultural swamp.

SINCE HITLER CAME TO POWER in 1933, the Swiss citizens who live on the frontier of Germany have seen massive fortifications rising on the banks of the Rhine, and have anxiously watched the military exercises taking place across the river. During the last twelve months, the frontier from Basle to Schaffhausen has been packed with troops, and near Constance a big mobile force is ready.

In the south, in Tessin, the Swiss are defenseless against the military strength of Italy. Their nearest fortifications are high in the Alps, in the snows of the St. Gothard Pass, so that from a military standpoint, Tessin is abandoned territory.

The anxiety of the Swiss in the face of this situation is easy to understand. The Rome-Berlin axis is solid for the time being at least, and the working alliance has now been supplemented by military undertakings on both sides. The Swiss have seen Mussolini abandoning Austria to Hitler in exchange for German support of any action Italy might take in the Mediterranean, and increasingly the feeling is growing in Berne that one day the stranglehold which Hitler and Mussolini have over Switzerland will be used to stifle its existence as an independent state.

The pressure of Nazi Germany upon Switzerland is already so great that, as a minister in Berne told me: "The Germans are already treating Switzerland as if it were conquered territory." Switzerland is to come within the Nazi *Gleichschaltung.* This is the Nazi aim, and by devious methods the Nazis are trying to familiarize the Swiss with the idea. Typical of Nazi technique is the award out of the blue of a special prize to Herr Schoeck, the Swiss musician, and to Herr Hugenberger, the Swiss writer, "for services rendered to Germanic culture." Neither of these artists is particularly pro-German, and the only possible excuse for the award of merit is that Herr Hugenberger, like the majority of Swiss citizens, happens to write in the German language. But no Swiss believes that it was for art's sake that the Nazis made these awards.

Nazi penetration in Switzerland has been perfected since the death of Gustloff and there is now a solid organization. It has four departments: the Nazi Party organization proper, to which the 140,000 Germans who live in Switzerland are compelled to belong; the propaganda bureau; the union for Germans abroad, which is the successor of the Deutscher Fichte Bund, the imperial spy organization created in January 1914; and finally, the Gestapo. There are now in Switzerland five hundred Gestapo agents, whose function is to keep the German War Office well informed of Swiss military secrets and also to check up on the movements of German refugees. Ascona, in the south, where Emil Ludwig, Remarque, and others have found shelter, is well known as a Gestapo hide-out. The Italians, of course, also have their spies. In 1935, for instance, a new model machine-gun was stolen from the Swiss arms factory of Soleure. This model reappeared in Ethiopia as one of the weapons of Italian attack.

In Switzerland, as elsewhere, the Italians and the Germans have set up and maintained groups to promote their influence. The Italian scheme foundered early. Its main promoter was Fonjallaz, a *condottieri* of the traditional type who had served as a military instructor in China before reaching high rank in the Swiss army. Nino Rezzonico was the actual leader of the fascist organization which appeared with a great flourish in 1934, with its centurions and its newspaper, *Fascista Switzero,* its ballila, and its Blackshirts. Within a few months there was proclaimed the fascist "march on Bellinzona," the capital of Italian Switzerland. It was to be Switzerland's march on Rome. Unfortunately, despite the presence of a hundred and fifty fascists from Italy, the march collapsed. Rezzonico controlled the march from the safe distance of Como, and it was left to a young lawyer named Rossi to perform the theatricals, shout *Avanti!* in Bellinzona square, and call on his centurions to take control. Instead it was the anti-fascists who took charge, wrecked the

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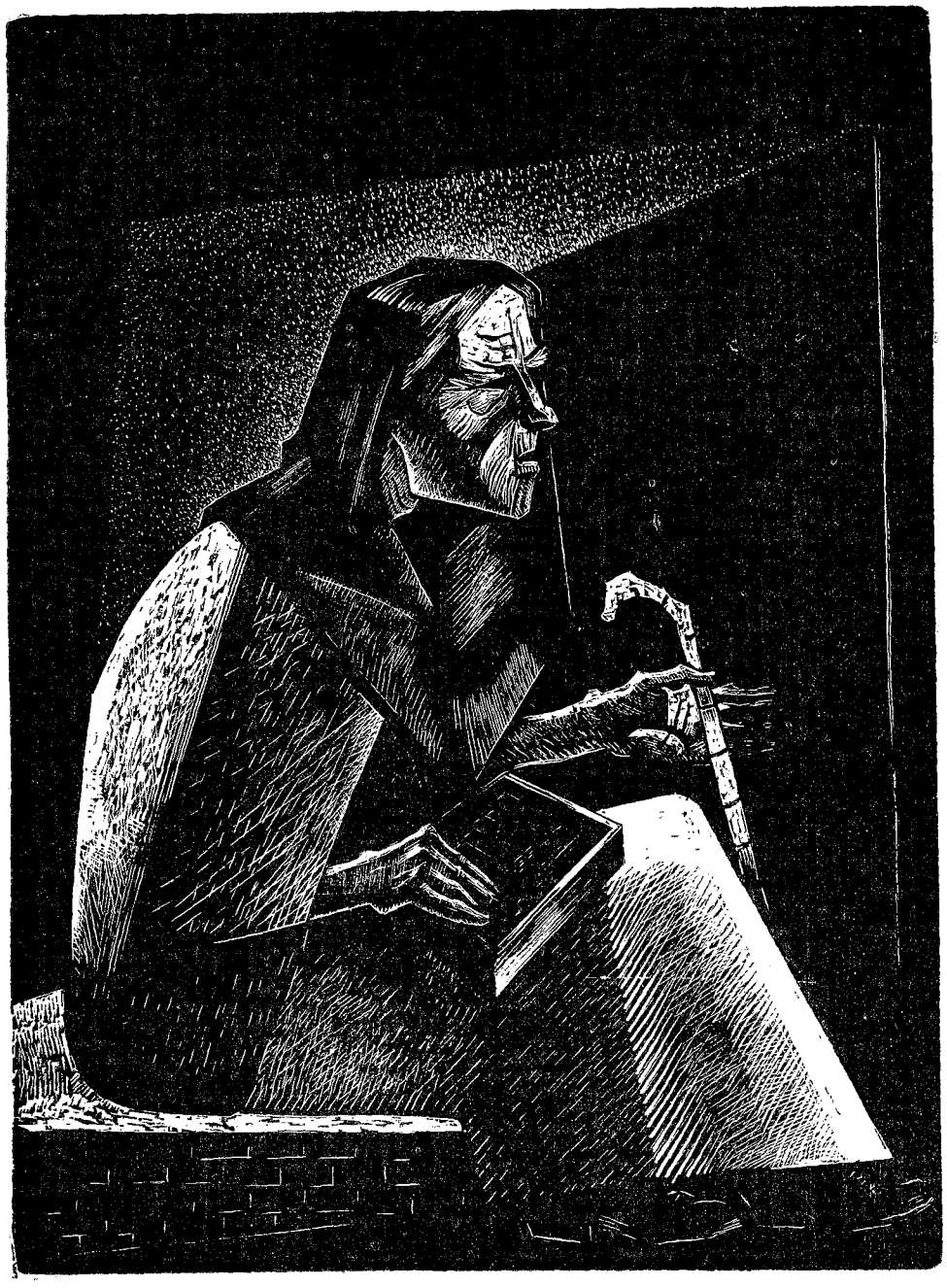

Woodcut by Stefan Hirsch

"Social Security"

fascist headquarters, and routed the centurions.

That was more or less the end of the Italian brand of fascism in Switzerland. The Nazis, however, are much more tenacious. They are organized in a National Front under the leadership of Rolf Henne, from Schaffhausen, and made great progress in 1933. The Nazi "clean-up" on June 30, 1934, had a devastating effect, however, and completely discredited the Swiss Nazis. Since then they have never made much headway, and only one percent of the Swiss electorate voted for them in the last elections. A number of treason trials have further discredited them, such as the case of Corporal Joseph Speck, who handed over to the Nazi agents in Zurich important Swiss military secrets. Speck was a very active member of the Swiss National Front.

Far more dangerous from the democratic standpoint are the reactionary tendencies on the right wing of the government parties. At the great Catholic center of Fribourg, the ex-finance minister, Musy, set up an organization called the Committee of Action for National Reconstruction. This organization is violently anti-socialist, and its aim is to group together all right-wing movements on the basis of an authoritarian program. It is intended to be the spearhead of the pro-fascist drive in Switzerland. It was Musy's committee which was chiefly responsible for the success of the campaign which resulted in the banning of the Communist Party in the canton of Neuchatel.

Pro-fascist tendencies also make themselves felt in the government. M. Motta [who corresponds to our secretary of state—ED.] himself is an even more pronounced Vaticanist than Dollfuss. It is said in Berne that he makes no serious political decision without at first consulting his confessor, and he is known to be a close personal friend of the Papal Nuncio and a fervent admirer of Mussolini.

It was under pressure from M. Motta that Switzerland became the first country to recognize the Italian annexation of Ethiopia. From the outset of the Spanish struggle, the Swiss government, though professing complete neutrality, has been openly prejudiced on the rebel side. The Swiss ambassador was the first to be recalled from Spain. The correspondence of the Spanish minister in Berne is censored and seized, whereas the representative of Franco, an ex-secretary of the Spanish legation in Berne, is granted diplomatic privileges and is even allowed facilities for sending code messages to Salamanca. Republican papers like *Vanguardia* of Barcelona are seized, though no check is placed on rebel propaganda. The eminent Swiss writer Hans Muhlenstein now lies in jail outside Zurich for stating in a public meeting that all means should be used to aid the Spanish government.

The anti-democratic decrees of the Federal Council, acting under its emergency powers, have already raised much protest in Swiss juridical circles. The council has now submitted to the Chamber of Deputies a bill to abolish the Communist Party, which, though it is infinitesimal in size and entirely without mass following, is blamed for all Switzerland's difficulties—

> Je suis tombé par terre,
> C'est la faute à Voltaire,
> Le nez dans le ruisseau,
> C'est la faute à Rousseau.

—as M. Jean Vincent aptly quoted at Geneva.

The Swiss Senate has already made considerable amendments to the proposed legislation, and it has now been made so general in its terms that an action can be taken under its authority against fascists as well as Communists. But the main drive of the bill is against the left, and the view taken by Swiss socialists and democratic radicals (like the editorial staff of the excellent Basle daily, the *National Zeitung*), is that the bill to abolish the Communist Party is an obvious preliminary step to an attack on the Socialist Party and eventually even on the liberals.

The democratic organizations, however, are not blind to the dangers of this *loi liberticide,* as they call it. In Neuchatel the trade unions refused to resist the law to abolish the Communist Party, and as a result the law was passed. So likewise in the canton of Geneva, which voted three to two in a referendum on June 13 to outlaw the Communist Party and all other bodies of foreign or international affiliation. This occurred despite the fact that the Labor Party organized a strong opposition campaign.

In German Switzerland, where the chief danger lies, the trade unions and the Labor Party are opposing the proposal for federal action against communism, and in alliance with various small groups, like the Jeunes Paysans, Young Catholic Workers, Peasant Party, they have created a movement called the *Ligne Directrice.* Though this movement dissociates itself from the name "popular front," it is undoubtedly the nucleus of a popular front with considerable possibilities for the future. Upon the shoulders of this movement may fall the task of keeping Swiss democracy alive.

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The Army "Educates" the C.C.C.

A former member of the corp's staff reveals how civilian educational personnel suffer under a martial-law setup which violates regulations

By Albert Dahlquist

THE Honorable Harry B. Woodring let the cat out of the bag way back in 1934. Assistant Secretary of War at that time, he made some very candid remarks in *Liberty* magazine. C.C.C. enrollees were "economic storm troopers," and the C.C.C. was "a test of the army's plans for war mobilization."

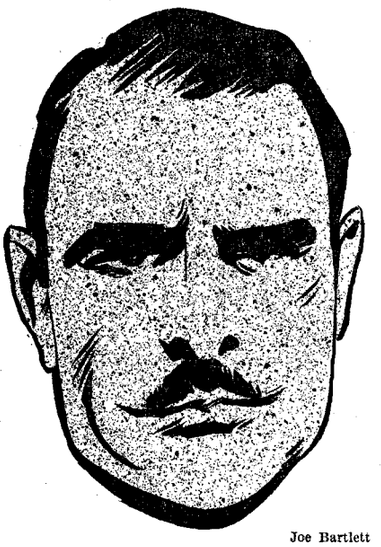
These remarks take on a new significance today with Mr. Woodring elevated to the secretaryship of war. We who have been trying to conduct an educational program in the C.C.C. camps find that the War Department's gag on free education has been intensified since Woodring took office. This may be only a coincidence; but a realignment has taken place with what few liberal officers there were removed from C.C.C. duty or so hog-tied with regulations and red tape they cannot function as human beings. The civilian personnel has been smothered in the process.

Mr. Woodring's only reference to C.C.C. education in the article mentioned was to express a desire that athletic associations be formed similar to the "German *turnvereins* and the *sokols* of Europe."

It is disquieting, but true, that the three-year extension of the C.C.C., enacted by Congress and signed by the President July 1, still leaves the question of military control of C.C.C. education up in the air. Congress evidently wanted to do something about educational opportunities for C.C.C. enrollees, since the new bill provides that "ten hours per week may be devoted to vocational and general education"; but Congress considered legislation against military control unnecessary after Robert Fechner, C.C.C. director, with more diplomacy than accuracy, informed Representative Schneider of Wisconsin that army officers do not control C.C.C. education.

At this time, with the new organization almost a month old, C.C.C. educators report that the situation is worse than ever. True, no directives covering the reorganization have been issued as yet, and President Roosevelt may still exercise his discretionary power and declare the C.C.C. Office of Education legally free from the War Department—but there is no assurance he will do this. Obviously, Secretary Woodring wants to control the entire C.C.C. and not just part of it. And of course the War Department holds strong cards in the political poker game.

There is a growing movement to remove the army from the C.C.C. altogether. John T. Bernard, Farmer-Labor representative from Minnesota, has a bill in committee which provides for this, but even Mr. Bernard feels



Joe Bartlett

John T. Bernard would take the C.C.C. away from the army

that the bill has very little chance of being reported out. Anti-army sentiment, while strong, is scattered and unfocused. Unfortunately, many of those progressives and liberals who have been deploring army control of the C.C.C.—especially control of education—are not to be found at the critical hour. Organizations such as the National Education Association, which might be expected to show some interest in a movement involving the welfare of millions of young Americans, are eloquently mute. Even the U. S. Commissioner of Education, Dr. John W. Studebaker, under whose ægis C.C.C. education is supposed to be administered, has neglected to go on record forcefully as advocating the separation of army and education. Dr. Studebaker is reputed to be quite a liberal and an enemy of militarized education. But these individuals and organizations are either uninformed on the true state of affairs in the C.C.C. or for diplomatic reasons hesitate to declare themselves part of an open opposition to the U. S. army.

IT IS common knowledge in Washington that the President has been nursing a theory that C.C.C. work is liberalizing the army and giving it a more intimate understanding of the spirit of American democracy. As a theory this is persuasive, but in practice we find the same old jingoistic absolutism. After three years of what might euphemistically be described as "collaboration" between brass hats and civilians, diplomatic relations are severed and minor undeclared wars rage in many C.C.C. camps and headquarters of the United States. It is difficult to see how the C.C.C. educational program can continue unless the warring factions are brought together in armistice and at least a few of their differences ironed out.

A confusing aspect of the C.C.C. organization is its five-way administration. The Department of Labor selects the boys who go to camp; the War Department administers everything that goes on within the camp area, including education; the Department of the Interior, through the Forestry Service, administers the majority of work projects in connection with the camps, and thro[illegible] the U. S. Office of Education supplies the teaching personnel for the camps—called "educational advisers"; the Department of Agriculture administers the soil conservation projects and similar work. In addition, there is a separate bureau formerly called Emergency Conservation Work (now Civilian Conservation Corps) which acts as general overseer and liaison between the four federal departments. The E.C.W.'s director, Robert Fechner, is the nominal head of the entire C.C.C. program. His directives are law—even to the War Department.

Military and civilian officials of the C.C.C. take a formal attitude toward all complaints. The army ignores everything ("We are not interested"), while the civilian officials deny everything. The army never replies to its critics, and the civilian authorities reply with loud protestations of innocence and immaculateness. Both army and civilian authorities insist they cannot be responsible for untoward actions on the part of members of their staffs. Consequently, maladministration, unfair practices, inefficiency, and what have you are given the status of acts of God which cannot be remedied by the finite brain of man. Complaints dealing with these matters merely gather dust in the War Department and E.C.W. files in Washington.

The most flagrant offender in this policy of obscurantism and renunciation is Robert Fechner, national director of Emergency Conservation Work, the civilian agency controlling the C.C.C. Mr. Fechner has been hiding his head in the sand so long the posture has become a normal one for him. In this position he cannot recognize a fact even when it kicks him in the seat of the pants.

During the congressional hearings in April, Mr. Fechner was the lone civilian spokesman for the C.C.C. Not once during the hearings did he admit there were any flaws in the organization. He scouted the few pieces of unfavorable evidence submitted and described

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the role of the army in the C.C.C. as "moral leadership." However, in reply to a direct query from Representative Schneider of Wisconsin, he denied categorically that the army controls C.C.C. education. Education, he said, is only "technically" under the War Department; actually it is autonomous and free as the air. By implication, Mr. Fechner even excused the suppression of the magazine *Champion of Youth* by Third Corps Area army officials when he criticized the magazine's policy of advocating unionization of C.C.C. enrollees. "Organize for what?" said Mr. Fechner. "I am a member of organized labor and have been a member of the machinists' union for forty-one years, and no one in America is stronger for trade unions than I. But what can C.C.C. enrollees organize for?"

Regarding Mr. Fechner's statement that the C.C.C. educational program is self-determining, it is difficult to understand how he can make such an assertion when, according to the terms of his own directives, the educational program is turned over to the army for administration while the civilian teachers serve merely as advisers to the military. It is perfectly obvious that anyone who can only advise has little or no authority.

THE educational program has been a stepchild of the C.C.C. from the beginning. The army did not want it, did not want civilians around, and the educational advisers have no official standing in camp. Up to about a year ago many, especially Negro advisers, were quartered with the enrollees, and even now they are required to pay for food and quarters which army officers, medicos, and chaplains receive as gratuities. Education has been like writing on the sand, washed out with every rising tide, so that a fresh start has been necessary at frequent intervals. Many splendid programs, built up after months of hard work, have gone on the scrap heap because of army indifference or army opposition. Correspondence courses have been allowed to lapse; visual education, music, drama, and industrial arts have been discarded; publications showing initiative have been suppressed; the only thing that continues unabated is military authority.

It is an interesting fact that after four years of operation, during which there has been plenty of "trouble," no one actually working in the field was called in to testify during the congressional hearings. Even while C.C.C. education was under discussion, the opinion of the national director of C.C.C. camp education was placed before the committee only by proxy, and none of the corps area educational advisers was asked to submit reports and recommendations. When we remember that four corps area educational advisers have resigned from the service after clashes with the military—Kenneth Holland, First Corps Area; T. H. Nelson, Second Corps Area; Dr. Nat Frame, Fifth Corps Area, and J. B. Griffing, Ninth Corps Area—it is fairly obvious that the civilians might have had something to say which would have been worth hearing.

The C.C.C. educational program is a perfect allegory in martial law. In no other phase of C.C.C. work (involving civilians) is army control so clear and incontrovertible. The technical services (forestry and soil conservation) which supervise the work projects in connection with the camps are granted absolute autonomy. The technical men may occasionally squabble with camp commanders but they are free from army regulations. But education is different.

LET'S consider some facts. We shall observe here that C.C.C. education is not education at all but merely army instruction, essentially disciplinary, and as rigid and narrow as any program conceived by a "minister of public enlightenment." First, there is the *Manual for C.C.C. Instructors,* issued under the imprimatur of General Douglas MacArthur, chief of staff, 1935. In this manual there is a section, page 23, entitled "How to Avoid Dangerous Issues." It reads in this vein: ". . . . one safe way is, of course, to stay away from dangerous topics . . . recognize them early in the discussion and switch the subject to something of greater interest to the group. . . . Another way is to promise to bring the dangerous issue up at some future time. . . . *Frankness and honesty will help,* and if the case warrants it, the instructor should tell the class that the dangerous issue is not part of the lesson and should refuse to discuss it. . . ."

Eastwood

This manual issued in the early days of the educational program, is still officially sanctioned. It sets the pace for the program as a whole. The manual, of course, is merely a guide book; it is not official and is mentioned only as documentary proof of the reactionary bias of the army. Something even more tangible is the actual authority, in legal regulations, army men hold over civilian educational advisers in corps areas and district headquarters and in the camps.

Army officers and civilians are quartered in army buildings. All correspondence dealing with matters of "policy" must be approved by the army. Expenditures of money must be approved by the army. Bulletins and other publications are censored by army intelligence. Army clerks check civilian attendance. Equipment, materials, and supplies used in the educational program are checked by the army. Travel orders and similar documents clear through the army. Educational reports must be approved by the army. Lists of books and magazines supplied C.C.C. camps are prepared in Washington by the adjutant-general. Personnel can be transferred by the army without consulting civilian officials. Civilian personnel can be dismissed by the army for "cause"—i. e., misconduct, etc. And the army can force dismissal for "inefficiency" (its own interpretation of the term) by submitting a "must" recommendation to the corps area civilian adviser for education.

These regulations are not airy nothings which the civilian personnel can afford to ignore. Violation of any of the above will bring first a drastic reprimand and later a recommendation for dismissal. Dozens of educational advisers and members of headquarters staffs have lost their jobs by consciously or unconsciously tripping over these martial rulings. Such tight surveillance of civilians cannot be justified by "military necessary" or any criterions of common sense. The army simply doesn't know how to change its technique to fit a non-military situation. The worst feature of these dismissals is the helplessness of the victims. They have no legal recourse. Since they are not members of the military service, they cannot demand a martial hearing, and since the Office of Education is technically under the War Department, it cannot have its own appeal board and machinery of investigation. The only possible resort is C.C.C. headquarters, but investigations are conducted by one man and so hurriedly that they seldom get beneath the surface; usually they merely sustain the army findings.

Here are a few specific instances of what it means to be "technically under the War Department."

An excellent series of pamphlets, prepared especially for the C.C.C. by the University of Chicago, were refused distribution by the War Department; one title, *Men and Machines,* was described as "pessimistic." A citizenship course, written by Dr. Herring of Columbia University, was suppressed as smacking of "Red propaganda" and its author, a member of the C.C.C. staff at the time, finally forced to resign. An outline for a camp employment council which advocated the organization of camp committees with the idea of making the boys conscious of the obligations and merits of democratic representation was discarded as reminiscent of "Soviet procedure." A member of the Second Corps Area headquarters staff was severely reprimanded by army intelligence for sending copies of the *New Republic* to the camp. Army intelligence objected, in particular, to an advertisement for Soviet bonds which appeared on the back cover of that issue. The Second Corps Area bulletin for camp educational advisers had a number of articles suppressed as "controversial"—items criticizing excessive jingoism and C.C.C. military training—and both its editors were later relieved from duty by the military authorities. *Champion of Youth,* outspoken youth magazine, was barred from the Third Corps Area by the commanding general.

Some humor has been injected into the situ-

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ation by those army officers who take themselves quite seriously as educational swamis and soothsayers. One of the best examples of this was a memorandum issued by Brigadier-General E. T. Conley, acting adjutant-general during the Douglas MacArthur regime. General Conley, after listening to the Washington brain trusters expound learnedly on educational doctrine, apparently decided he could do it too. So he circulated some home-made gems of educational philosophy in memorandum form to the various C.C.C. headquarters of the country. The gist of his ruminations was to the effect that since most C.C.C. enrollees are members of the working class and consequently doomed to lifelong economic insecurity, their education should be confined to training in the principles of thrift! It might have been pointed out to the general that when you have only five dollars per month to spend, thrift becomes almost automatic.

DESPITE all regulations, directives, memorandums, etc., and ponderous rulings by the advocate-general and other army officials, jurisdiction in the C.C.C. still remains quite vague—a thing that can be bobbled up and down and turned around to meet exigencies of the moment. While the army does have a legal right to "administer" the educational program, E.C.W. regulations do not seem to grant the power of censorship. In fact, if the matter could ever be brought up before a civil judicial body, there is little doubt that the army would be found guilty of usurpation of authority. However, usurpation of authority is an old story in the army. According to the law and constitution, the President of the United States is also commander-in-chief of the army; but there is plenty of evidence to indicate that the U. S. army does not like commanders-in-chief who concoct economic heresies such as the New Deal. Jay Franklin, Washington correspondent, recently called attention to the fact that groups of army reserve officers have been meeting every week in one of the large New York City university clubs to discuss the deplorable "communistic" state of affairs in the strike belt. "They have gone so far as to decide that they will not obey the President's orders or recognize him as their commander-in-chief unless he orders them to move against the C.I.O. This is known as treason in any man's army."

As an illustration of the extremes to which army officers will go in usurping authority we quote an army regulation issued to camp educational advisers by the commanding officer of the Binghamton, N. Y., district:

> The educational adviser is authorized to correspond informally and directly with the Corps Area Civilian Adviser for Education and the District Educational Adviser respecting technical educational matters only. However, he will not take up direct with Corps Area or District Adviser, or other office, any subject matter or proposal which he has discussed with the camp commander and which has been acted upon or considered unfavorably by the latter.

This document is clearly a violation of civil liberties and academic freedom. It is also a violation of E.C.W. regulations which provide for mere "administration." However, where "administration" leaves off and censorship begins seems to be a legal point too fine for clarification. As a matter of fact regulations like the above are, in effect, outside the purview of the law. For it must be remembered that army posts and cantonments are military reservations where civil authority cannot reach. The army makes its own legal decisions, and if a civilian bystander happens to get enmeshed in them, the civilian is just plain out of luck.

The gentleman who issued this regulation, Lieut.-Col. Emer Yaeger, was never reprimanded so far as any one knows. In fact, he was promoted for his "efficiency." Today he is deputy chief of staff, C.C.C., Second Corps Area, and the entire Second Corps educational program is being innoculated with his *kultur*. In the current issue of the *Adviser*, bulletin for C.C.C. educational advisers issued by the Second Corps Area C.C.C. Office of Education, Colonel Yaeger has an article which reminds camp educational advisers (who are, of course, civilians) that under no circumstances are they permitted to send complaints of any kind direct to their civilian superiors. These complaints must clear through military channels.

For this reason the army feels no hesitation in exercising its totalitarian authority wherever and whenever it pleases—regardless of special "agreements" with civilian agencies. Educational advisers have frequently complained of being spied on, having their telephone wires tapped, their personal correspondence opened, and their programs deliberately sabotaged.

Personal assaults have been recorded and advisers have been dismissed on weird and fantastic "sex" charges. Outright intimidation has been used in certain instances. This writer can testify that the Second Corps Area welfare and education officer, C.C.C., told him to "shut up or be under a cloud" when he attempted to intervene on behalf of a civilian colleague dismissed by the army on an unconvincing misdemeanor charge. The accused happened to be the most prominent Jewish liberal educational adviser in the corps area. By an odd coincidence, such charges often seem to be directed against men previously under suspicion for their "ideas."

TO PUT a check on this army dictatorship, Congressman Bernard's bill should be indorsed by all sensible people, although the odds are against the present Congress taking favorable action. The bill, however, can be useful as a test of anti-army strength and a means of bringing this important issue before Congress and before the public. The congressional hearings of last spring were apparently manipulated in a manner to win maximum sympathy and minimum criticism for the C.C.C. status quo. Even today many senators and congressmen do not know that C.C.C. education is under martial dictation. This apparent conspiracy of silence regarding actual conditions in the C.C.C. is easily explained by the fact that those C.C.C. employees who understand the situation are afraid to speak out for fear of getting themselves marked as "agitators." "Sure, all that is true," they say, "but for God's sake don't use my name!" This applies not only to camp educational advisers but to high officials as well. They will talk only when they have a guarantee they can do so without losing their jobs.

The immediate thing to be done is to bring pressure on the President to exercise his executive prerogative and declare the C.C.C. Office of Education and the C.C.C. educational program an autonomous agency with precisely the same status as the Forestry Service and the Soil Conservation Service. This can be done quite easily without upsetting either the budget or the administrative machinery. If such autonomy is not granted, the educational program, stalled and demoralized at present, will never be able to regain momentum.

That illustrious educator, Mark Hopkins, once said all he needed to start a school was a log and a boy. The C.C.C. educational adviser has plenty of logs and plenty of boys, but still not much of a school. Mark Hopkins didn't have to work with the army.

Tromka

HIKING IN THE COAST RANGE ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE KILLING OF SPERRY AND CONDERAKIAS IN THE SAN FRANCISCO GENERAL STRIKE THEIR BLOOD SPILLED ON THE PAVEMENT OF THE EMBARCADERO

The skirl of the kingfisher was never
more clear than now, nor the scream of the
jay
as the deer shifts her covert at a footfall,
nor the butterfly lily ever brighter
in the white spent wheat, nor the pain
of a wasp stab ever an omen more sure,
the blood alternately dark and brilliant
on the blue and white bandana pattern.
This is the source of evaluation,
this minimal prince ruperts drop of blood,
the patellae suspended within it,
leucocytes swimming freely between them,
the strands of fibrin, the mysterious
chemistry of the serum, is alone
the measure of time, the measure of space
the measure of achievement.
There is no
other source than this.

KENNETH REXROTH.

★ ★ ★

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Revolt on Thirty-Fourth Street

The worm, in the shape of Mr. Possum, turned after fifteen years of kotowing to customers

By E. G. Morris

JAMES POSSUM had worked for R. H. Macy & Co. for fifteen years. For fifteen years he had been selling picture frames, and he had always been polite to customers. He revolted at eleven-ten on the morning of October 8, 1936.

Miss Remus, a gray little lady, was supposed to go to lunch at eleven o'clock. Mr. Possum's lunch hour was twelve. This morning Miss Remus was slightly delayed because she was writing up a special order for some hand-carved moldings. She and Mr. Possum were alone at the counter, and Possum was looking for a ruler he had mislaid. He was bending over, looking through the articles in his drawer, when Miss Remus touched his arm.

"Listen, Possy," she whispered, "will you take this customer? I have to go to lunch."

Possum straightened up immediately and faced the customer who stood at the counter.

"Yessir," he said, "may I help you, sir?"

The customer smiled, showing his teeth.

"You certainly may," he replied. "Just how long is a customer supposed to stand here before he can get waited on?"

Possum's face put on an expression of sorrow.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I didn't see you."

The customer was very tall, very thin, wore a conservative blue suit, spoke with a Roosevelt accent, and snorted.

"Isn't it your business to see customers?" he demanded.

Possum blushed. "No, it is merely my duty to wait on them." He couldn't imagine why he had said that, and his heart was beating rapidly.

The man still stood there, clutching an etching to his bosom and obviously determined to express his displeasure before being serviced.

"Well, what are you, an ornament?"

Now Possum is not a pretty man. His nose is too long, and his face is too thin. For some reason this remark made him very angry. Customers, throughout his years of selling, had called him stupid and incompetent; they had sneered at his taste and had reported him to section managers; and through it all he had come smiling, his chin out, his eyes brave. But today he was inexplicably tired—and he had lost his steel ruler, the one he had owned for ten years. It had his initials on it.

His face was beet-red as he gallantly faced the enemy.

"No, I'm not an ornament here, and I'll tell you something else. I won't wait on you!"

The customer was obviously surprised. "Just why won't you wait on me?"

"Because," said Possum, drawing himself up to his full height. "I don't wait on insolent customers!"

Each beat of his heart racking his chest, Mr. Possum bent down and began to look through the drawer again. He was aware of the fact that the customer was still standing there, but he didn't look up. The silence hung about him like a sick yellow mist, and then Possum realized he was alone.

In a few moments the section manager came to the counter. She had the tall customer with her. Her expression was stern.

"Mr. Possum," she said, "this gentleman tells me you called him insolent."

Possum looked at her. He liked Miss Burrows, and he didn't want to involve her in this thing, but he was determined to stick to his guns.

"Yes," he said, "I did."

She jumped back as though he had delivered a short right to her jaw.

"Will you please apologize at once, and wait on him."

Possum was shaking. There was a buzzing in his ears.

"No," he said firmly, "I won't. As long as he confined himself to remarks about the service in the store I was polite, but the moment he became personal I became personal too. I was no longer a Macy employee, I was a man." His head jerked up, proudly.

Miss Burrows grew pale. "Then you won't apologize?"

His arms folded across his chest, Possum shook his head.

Miss Burrows was bewildered. This had not been covered in her training period. Then she had an inspiration. She turned to the customer.

"Then, will you accept my apology, sir? For the store?" Her tone was anxious.

A. Ajay

The tall man was gracious about it. "Of course," he said, "but I'd like to give this gentleman a few pointers about selling." He bent a benign gaze upon Possum's skull.

Freedom must have intoxicated Mr. Possum. He drew back his lips in a snarl, and he could feel his twelve-inch biceps quivering.

"You can't tell me anything!" His foot was beating a quick tattoo on the floor because of the silly shaking of his left knee.

"That," said the competent customer, "is a very dangerous attitude."

Fortunately, at this moment Mr. Horn returned from lunch, and Miss Burrows, recognizing an impasse when it smacked her in the face, called him over.

"Mr. Horn, will you please wait on this gentleman?"

Horn, whose whole idea of selling was to stick an expensive gold-leaf frame on anything from a Seymour Hayden to a diploma, came right over. He made more in commissions than the rest of the framing clerks combined.

He guided the customer to the other end of the counter, and Miss Burrows got ready to demand an explanation from Possum. However, two ladies carrying a picture were approaching, and she drifted away.

"I want it a pikser frame," said one of the women, "for my uncle in the Bronx."

While he waited on the women, Possum was constantly aware of the customer with Horn. He wondered if they were discussing him. By the time Possum finished with the frame for the Bronx uncle, his opponent was gone.

All during that busy day nothing was said to him about the incident, and Possum began to hope it would be forgotten. The event must have done something to him, because that night he got a seat on the subway for the first time in months. Usually when he saw some man sprawled out over two seats, he would merely stand, swinging on a strap. Tonight he pushed the usual sprawler out of the way and sat down.

THE NEXT MORNING he refused to take stock for Horn (whose duty it was, and who got paid three dollars extra a week for doing it), and he even suggested some expensive moldings for etchings when he knew plain ebony would be better.

Then at ten o'clock the department manager came over to the counter. Everyone suddenly got ridiculously busy, but she stopped in front of Possum, her eyes glinting.

"Mr. Possum," she said in a nasty tone, "Mr. Dandy wants to see you at once. About

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the customer you offended yesterday. I have done the best I can for you, considering your length of service here, but I am afraid I am helpless." She swept away.

Mr. Dandy was the floor superintendent, and he took cognizance of only really important infractions of rules. Possum couldn't help shaking a little as he walked into the office.

Mr. Dandy motioned Possum to a chair and went on looking at some papers. After a little while he pushed the papers aside and gazed at Possum.

He cleared his large throat. "Possum, I've been a department store man for twenty years. I've heard salesclerks called every name under the sun, but, by God, this is the first time I ever heard of a salesclerk calling a customer insolent."

Possum didn't answer; he couldn't answer.

"Why did you do it?"

"Well," muttered Mr. Possum, "he made a nasty remark to me, and I answered him."

Dandy shook his head, benevolently assured. "That won't do. You know that the customer is always right, and an efficient salesclerk will stand any abuse rather than cause trouble. Why didn't you excuse yourself and call the section manager over?"

"I didn't think," explained Possum frankly.

"I'll be honest with you," Dandy continued, "I should fire you because of this—this insane thing, but due to your record here and the fact that Miss Duebill speaks so highly of you, I'll give you another chance. But how do I know this won't happen again?"

Surely something must have snapped in Possum's brain on the previous day.

"You don't know that it won't happen again," he said steadily. "I'm liable to get excited at any time and call a customer insolent."

Dandy's face got red. "Listen, Mr. Possum." He was trying to be patient. "Suppose you had your *own* store—would you call a customer insolent?"

Possum considered a moment. "That's different. If I had my *own* store I would have a right to call a customer anything I pleased, but I'll admit that as long as I'm an employee of Macy's I should abide by the rules, or quit!"

Dandy seemed relieved. "Will you give me your promise now that it won't happen again?"

Possum shook his head. "No," he said, "I can't do that, but I'll tell you what I will do. I'll promise to *try!*"

It was obvious that the psychological ramifications of this case were beyond Dandy's abilities.

"See that you do," he mumbled. "The next time I'll have to fire you."

Mr. Possum went back to the counter, his head high, his heart tearing along, his knees shaking.

Apparently the other two clerks knew all about it.

"What's happened?" begged Horn. "Are you fired?" Miss Remus, her mouth open, her eyes wide, stood near by.

"No," said Possum quietly, "I merely told him I'd *try* not to let it happen again."

For a moment they stood there, enthralled. Then Horn began to slap Possum on the back, and little gray Miss Remus executed a neat dance step. For years they had wanted to call a customer insolent and hadn't had the nerve.

To this day Possum is quite a hero in the store. Ever so often when he's eating in the Automat he'll see some Macy employee (and who isn't a Macy employee?) point him out. He always turns the best side of his face toward the speaker, realizing he is being spoken of as "that guy who called the customer insolent."

Elizabeth Olds

"It's my favorite charity for the blind. The baskets bring amazing prices in all the better shops."

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Strictly from Anger

In which S. J. Perelman and the "New Yorker" help in clarifying some conclusions on satire

By Robert Forsythe

MR. PERELMAN* will pardon me, I know, if I suggest that humor is not enough. The way they used to begin frothing at the jowls in the office of the *New Yorker* at the barest suspicion of such heresy was warning enough to anyone who wanted to be accounted a loyal citizen. Of all American fetishes, the most profound is that a sense of humor excels all other virtues and is more to be desired than fine jewels or a free breath of oxygen. There is a deep and mysterious feeling that laughter can cure warts, political ills, and the stupidities of mankind.

The matter is even more serious in the case of satire, about which even the radicals go wacky. Yielding to the criticism of the conservatives who would have one believe that they could be easily won to the cause if the method were right, the radicals cherish a juvenile faith in the jocular and pointed word. As one who has practised the craft in a minor way with never the slightest conviction that it would sway any individual north of the Chrysler Building, I know the main trouble with irony, humor, and satire is that the objects of such shafts are the very ones who love them best. The theory that Peter Arno is a great satirical artist and hence a revolutionary force could be proved so completely on a theoretical plane as to warrant the Order of Lenin for the gentleman, but in truth his barbed lines do nothing but make him a darling on Park Avenue. I have had earnest citizens inform me that Claire Boothe's play, *The Women,* is at bottom such a fierce indictment of bourgeois society as to be a revolutionary document. As a friend of long standing I must ask you not to be taken in by such nonsense. The audiences at *The Women* are the very individuals who are being satirized, and they couldn't admire it more if they had written it themselves.

I have mentioned the *New Yorker* in this connection because of the presence of a gentleman who modestly signs himself "E.B.W." and seems to have the brains of the organization in his keeping. In those brief paragraphs which lead the magazine, one may note the product of erudition and thought as expressed on the great issues of the moment. There was a time, not long past, when the policy of the *New Yorker* was severe on the subject of taking life seriously. There was a distinct propaganda on foot to the effect that no cultivated gentleman would be caught dead with a vital concern about his person. When the *New Yorker* deigned to treat anything of importance, it succeeded in building it up to the stature of a good police court case. It could make death, war, and revolution so trifling and amusing as to be pleasures. In contrast to what I have hinted in Mr. Perelman's case, they found humor quite enough.

The change seems to have occurred only recently and I am glad to have a convert on my side. By a coincidence which can only be accounted miraculous, the Supreme Court plan of Mr. Roosevelt, the state of affairs in the Soviet Union, and the C.I.O. have simultaneously shaken Oswald Garrison Villard and the *New Yorker* right down to the last pop of a shoelace. The gay banter, the light touch, the determination to whittle big things into little ones disappeared overnight from the editorial comment of the *New Yorker.* In the most forthright, simple, and unhumorous fashion, E. B. W. (for indeed it could scarcely be other) let the old ladies of Dubuque and the young things of Seattle and Evanston, Ill., know that the *New Yorker* disapproved of Mr. Roosevelt's plan, and of the C.I.O., and of the Newspaper Guild's closed-shop plans. The shock to the *New Yorker* subscriber, poised in mid-air with the shriek of laughter ready to come, must have been terrific. To one fearing the cracking of civilization, this breach in the foundation is enough to bring on a state of panic. Like Pandora fooling with the box, I have been urging the *New Yorker* folk to come out in the open, and almost wish I had kept still about the matter. There is little enough faith left in the world.

AS FOR Mr. Perelman, this is not the proper way to treat his book, but I know the gentleman well and love him and should have knocked his brains out long ago for persisting in this type of humor. In my opinion he is the funniest man alive, and I would to god he weren't. Several years ago in an obscure article, he penned what I considered to be the most wonderful of all lines in the English language. He wrote: "The man's name was Snodgrass, but that couldn't be." But, before heaven, I must testify that Perelman or no Perelman, this sort of thing is worthless and must stop. With all his latter-day nonsense, Bernard Shaw proved for all time that humor can as easily be centered upon the important as upon the trivial. The spectacle of a genius like Perelman writing this trash is enough to rend me. It is the old dada stuff, the irrelevant, incongruous type of humor; you start with one thing and end with something utterly different and utterly silly; it was founded by Robert Benchley and Donald Ogden Stewart and is now going through a process of annihilation by Mr. Perelman. Beyond this, nothing.

If I start out by denying the importance of satire and humor and end by asking Perelman why he doesn't write something better, it is not as contradictory as it seems. The plain truth is that no louse was ever swayed from being a louse by satire. In fact he'll completely disarm you by thanking you for calling him a louse. Satire makes no converts. What it does is bolster up the morale of the people who are using it. Instinctively I have always known that. When I began writing for this magazine, I did it with a precise and sole purpose of making the working classes realize that they had nothing to fear from their so-called betters. The present-day upper classes in any country are scarcely worthy of satire. Although there may be moments when we worry about communism, the ultimate triumph is so certain that nobody but a fool or a columnist for the New York *Herald Tribune* could doubt it. The workers of the world are so far superior to the dim-wits who are still catered to by such periodicals as the *New Yorker* that no artist who cares for his reputation or for the quality of his work can afford to bother with them.

In the third act of *The Women* a hat-check girl at a night club gets in a critical word about the other characters. Whether the author meant it seriously is a matter of doubt because the lines were rushed through with such dispatch that the entire meaning was lost. However, if the character (the girl professing to be a Communist) had really spoken out in that spot, I can assure you the reaction of the carriage-trade audience would have been entirely altered. That fine feeling of satisfaction at seeing their own bitchery would have disappeared. The fine folk don't like it when it is said straight out. It is either in bad taste or it is bad art or it is propaganda, and they will carefully remain away. E.B.W. understands that as well as I do. When he wants to say something which will be listened to, he drops the humor and says it as directly and pointedly as he can. It is the secret of present-day procedure, and I pass it on to Mr. Perelman and others: if you really want to do something with that great talent in humor, learn at what point it is necessary to stick the stiletto in and twist it around! If there is a loud scream of anguish, you will know you've written something. If it's hilarious to the people it helps, it's humor.

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* STRICTLY FROM HUNGER, *by S. J. Perelman. Random House.* $2.

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READERS' FORUM

A dissent on Jackson's review of "Freud and Marx"—England in June and "Aircraftsman Shaw"

● Comrade Jackson's shabby treatment of Freud in his *Dialectics* is hardly a recommendation for having him review Osborn's *Freud and Marx* [issue of July 20]. Besides giving way to an orgy of invective—a fault pretty general throughout the book—Jackson's main argument seems to be that Freud is worthless because he has become the toy and darling of middle-class intellectualism—Bloomsbury. Jackson's review is, in all justice, on a much higher intellectual plane than his book, although it also fails to do justice to his subject. A review by Bernal in the *Labor Monthly* for July is more thoughtful and fair to Freud although it is in substantial agreement with Jackson. Bernal mentions, almost as an afterthought, that his rejection of Freudian mythology and his conviction of its irreconcilability with Marxism should not obscure the fact that Freud has contributed some fundamental discoveries to the science of psychology. Bernal, however, does not mention any of these discoveries and neither does he say whether or not these discoveries have any bearing on Marxism.

Now, it is almost axiomatic that anything of real scientific value can be incorporated into the Marxist conception of the world, and that such new discoveries and truths will, moreover, help to purify and enlarge its scope. If Freud has added to the world's knowledge, this should have some bearing on Marxism, and it is the duty of Marxists to try and bring it out. And it may well be that for many readers it is precisely these scientific contributions of Freud which they understand by Freudism. And for those who feel that there is a kernel of deep, basic truth in Freud, which Jackson's treatment entirely overlooks, there is a reaction of annoyance and disgust which makes them reject Jackson's point of view. Yet Jackson and Bernal are essentially correct in what they do attack and reject as irreconcilable with Marxism—I am not trying to defend Osborn's book, for I haven't read it—their error lies in not pointing out what is unimpeachable in Freud.

Freudism cannot be considered as a consistent, integrated, and unified body of thought such as Marxism is. In discussing Freud it becomes necessary to separate the wheat from the chaff. Last winter an excellent article on Freud appeared in the NEW MASSES ["Freud's Error," by Jack Lindsay, Dec. 26, 1936], one which pointed out Freud's failure to give due consideration to the psychological changes at puberty and its consequent exaggeration of sexuality in children.

Freud has constructed an elaborate system of fantasy around his discovery of the subconscious. Certainly the Œdipus complex and its related myths are due for the slag heap. Furthermore, Freud's idealistic conception of the cosmos has distorted his interpretation of psychological phenomena, and when Jackson and Bernal attack Freud on this basis they are on sure ground. But the Œdipus complex et al. may constitute the essentials of Freudism for Bloomsbury, which Jackson so cordially detests, but it should hardly suffice as a basis for a Marxist.

One of the most significant contributions of Freud is his theory of errors. It is interesting to note that Freud arrived at his theory partly through a critical analysis of a heavy, scholarly tome which sought to find a correlation between slips of the pen and tongue and the mechanical similarity of words and sounds. Freud rejected such an explanation as untenable and proved that such slips could be understood only on the basis of the particular thoughts and desires that motivated the individual at a given moment. To Marxists it is apparent that this is a correct rejection of a mechanical for a social view of behavior. When a Socialist journal refers "unintentionally" to the crown prince as the clown prince, a Marxist can see that the explanation does not lie in the proximity of the letters l and r on a keyboard. It is Freud's merit to have correctly included all such errors under a conception of social motivation.

Another aspect of Freud which might prove of value to Marxist analysis is his treatment of compulsion neurosis, a treatment which seeks to get behind the maze of symbol and illusion which the patient has built up about his psychic trauma and to explain the real meaning of his illusions—confronting the patient with reality as it were.

Freud's discovery of the subconscious mind, perhaps the culmination of Freud's contribution to thought, is another matter that cannot be overlooked by Marxists. The role of the subconscious in human behavior cannot be denied by those who would stir men into revolutionary action. Further investigation by a Marxist specialist in the field might demonstrate that the symbolisms and repressions are primarily social in character and that Freud is in error in insisting on an exclusively sexual interpretation.

And, incidentally, the persecution which Freud suffered by his attempt to make sexual relations a matter of scientific discussion and the courageous manner in which he fought the philistines is also of revolutionary significance. His introductory lecture to his *Introduction to Psychology* can rest alongside of Socrates's speech in defense of his teachings as a revolutionary classic.

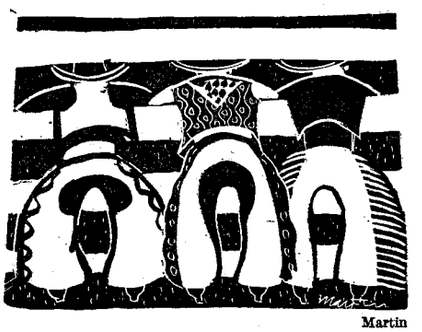
PHILIP SHARNOFF.

News From London

● When Paul Robeson heard that his broadcast from Moscow to the great meeting in London in Albert Hall for the benefit of the Basque children's fund might be banned by the authorities of the hall, he took a plane for London in order to be present in person. That was how strongly he felt about the cause involved. Standing before an audience of seven thousand persons, his tremendous personality reached out to every corner of the huge building, and infused his noble and stirring words with even greater significance.

The cause of Spanish democracy, he said is "the greatest cause that faces the world today. Every artist, every writer, every scientist, must decide now where he stands. The battlefront is everywhere. The challenge must be taken up. The artist must take sides—to fight for freedom or for slavery. I have made my choice. I have no alternative. The liberation of Spain is the common cause of all advanced and progressive men."

Then he sang, not sad and acquiescent spirituals, but songs of affirmation and struggle: "All I want's these cold iron shackles off my legs," and "How long, brethren, how long must these people mourn?" On the same platform with Robeson appeared Professor Langevin, international head of the League Against War and Fascism, J. B. S. Haldane, and the Duchess of Atholl. Five thousand dollars were raised from the floor in half an hour, in bills, cheques, and pledges alone. Further contributions in silver and change raised the total by another two thousand.



Martin

June is always a month of military pageantry in London. This year the authorities have taken advantage of the excuse offered by the coronation to literally swamp the public with an orgy of marching and counter-marching. It is not hard to guess why. The public must be sold the idea of recruiting. Up to now the response has not been what it should be, as the following story goes to show. A soldier accused of attempting to steal a car and assaulting two policemen was brought into court. His officer said they were anxious to keep men in the army. "Is he a good soldier?" asked the magistrate. "Not necessarily," was the reply, "but soldiers are hard to get these days."

The authorities are doing everything they can to gild the pill: radios in the barracks, new handsome dark-blue dress uniforms for all regiments so that the men need no longer go out walking with their sweethearts in dingy khaki, even improved food and living conditions! Meanwhile—the most recent parade was one of war veterans. A newspaper carried the headline: "Eighty thousand ex-servicemen parade before king while blind soldiers give 'Eyes Right'."

ELEANOR FLEXNER.

That Man Lawrence

● I was amazed to read in your issue of July 6 the eulogy of T. E. Lawrence ("of Arabia") written by Selden Rodman in reviewing a book, *T. E. Lawrence by His Friends*. I have not seen the book myself and am ready to admit that it is the best book written by the greatest admirers of Lawrence. But as to Lawrence himself, we knew enough about him during his lifetime not to burst with enthusiasm for his memory. After all, a man is worth no more than his social achievements—and who was this picturesque and "romantic" soldier of fortune? He was a spy, a devoted member of the British intelligence service, a true servant of British imperialism, a killer of men, and a betrayer of his Arab friends, whose national aspirations he misused in the most shameless manner. More than that: notwithstanding his romantic pose, he actually had his hand in almost every plot that British imperialism concocted against the Soviet Union in Asia after the war.

I was in the Soviet Union from 1926 to 1933, and during the whole of that time the Soviet press, which is very well informed about such matters, over and over again published reports of Lawrence's spying activities. He was active on behalf of the British intelligence service in Afghanistan, India, and in the Near East, and in all these places he was involved in various activities directed against the Soviet Union. Reports of these activities found their way into the American press, and no one who has followed foreign affairs carefully can fail to have noticed that Lawrence was not merely a romantic writer and an austere devotee of Homer, but also a political instrument in the hands of British imperialism.

Why, then, did Selden Rodman grow so enthusiastic on Lawrence's account as to proclaim him "the greatest individual figure to emerge from the world war"? And what is this conundrum about "the artist who found more art in action than in art"? We know too well that his greatest art was the art of spying, wrecking, and betraying. If he, Lawrence, ever "revolted against society" up to a "hatred of its property relations" it was kept a deep secret by him. It meant nothing in practice. Lawrence did not have to be very original to "intuitively sense that Lenin was the greatest figure of the epoch," but whether he sensed it or not, the fact that the British Union of Fascists invited him to join with them characterizes him much better.

M. KATZ.

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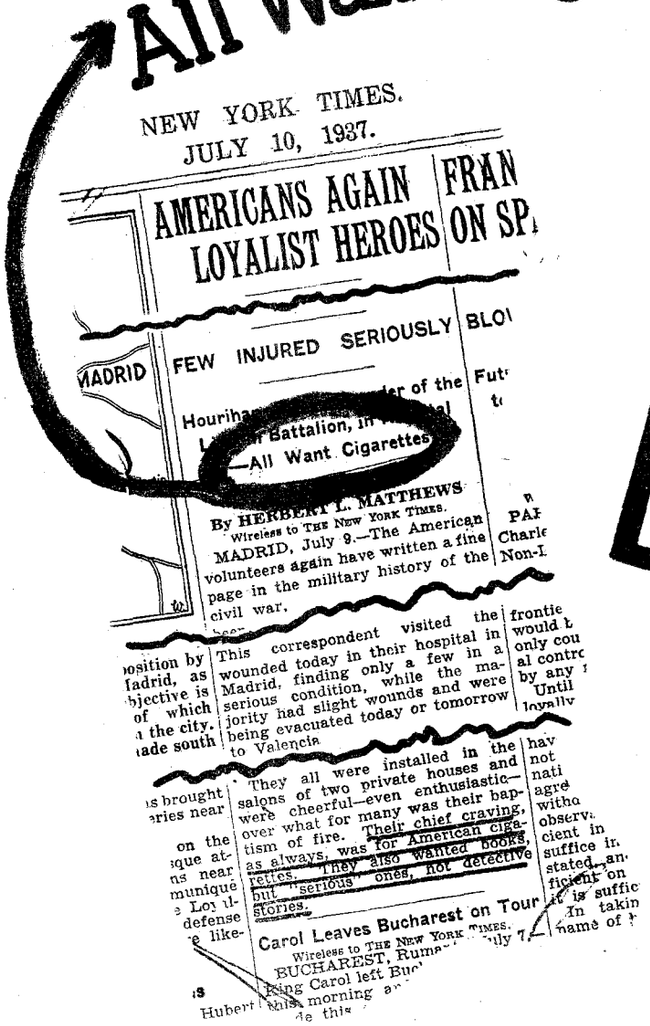
All Want Cigarettes


NEW YORK TIMES.
JULY 10, 1937.

AMERICANS AGAIN LOYALIST HEROES

FEW INJURED SERIOUSLY

MADRID

—All Want Cigarettes

By HERBERT L. MATTHEWS
Wireless to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

MADRID, July 9.—The American volunteers again have written a fine page in the military history of the civil war.

This correspondent visited the wounded today in their hospital in Madrid, finding only a few in a serious condition, while the majority had slight wounds and were being evacuated today or tomorrow to Valencia.

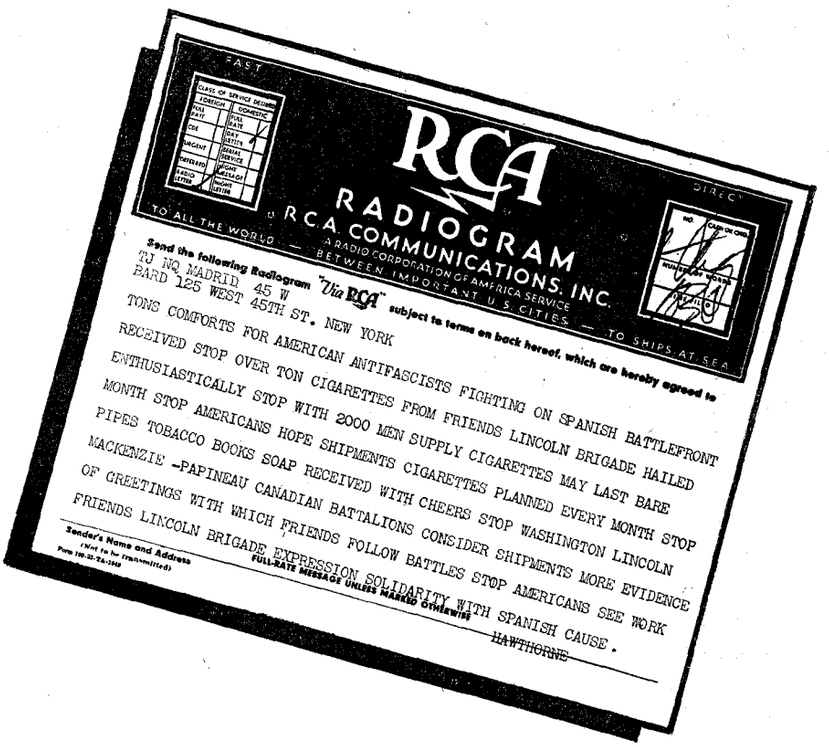
They all were installed in the salons of two private houses and were cheerful—even enthusiastic—over what for many was their baptism of fire. Their chief craving, as always, was for American cigarettes. They also wanted books, but serious ones, not detective stories.

Carol Leaves Bucharest on Tour

Wireless to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

BUCHAREST, Rumania, July 7—

King Carol left Bucharest this morning and made this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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Conversation"

IT IS twenty years since Mitchell Kennerley (one of the best of the small publishers in the old Liberal Club days) issued a slender, black-bound book that was to make its author famous. The author was a girl who had recently come down from Vassar College into Greenwich Village; she had come down to MacDougal Street to take part in a "new" theater movement at the Provincetown Theater and to write poems for Floyd Dell's magazine (now *this* magazine), the MASSES.

Her beauty is preserved for us in Arnold Genthe's portrait: the girl-poet, standing in the shade of a spring-flowering tree—just as Rupert Brooke read poetry like a Greek god (so D. H. Lawrence wrote) under a Japanese sunshade in his pajamas at Grantchester upon the lawns where the river goes. This portrait, unlike many others of the same heroine, was a true portrait, for its quality entered *Renascence,* the book that Mitchell Kennerley published in 1917; its author had become that figure of youth in the very words she wrote, words which quickly found their place in public consciousness and yet strongly resembled the spirit and intonation of John Masefield's "The Everlasting Mercy." Masefield's poem was first written and published in 1911, and was to shock its readers out of boredom into surprise at its headlong facility, its bucolic imagery, its forthright evangelism, and what was then called its "vulgarity." But "The Everlasting Mercy" reappeared in the person of a delighting and delightful girl, here, in New York. The world was deeply sunk in war. Rupert Brooke who "was both fair to see and winning in his ways" had died at Scyros, sunstruck and then blood-poisoned on a troopship bound for the Dardanelles; his image of the young poet, forever beautiful, had been transferred to Edna Millay. As I read her *Conversation at Midnight,** the publication of her book seems to commemorate the event of twenty years ago.

The *Conversation* reflects the talk of seven men in a West Tenth Street house in New York today; but the words, the images, the kind of thinking, the very æsthetic of the verse itself, which lie behind the mere subject of the talk, remind me of the hour when boys from Yale, Princeton, Harvard, Columbia, and from the sand-dune or bright lake water colleges of the Middle West trooped into the Village. They had revolted against the stultifying routine of middle-class culture. They had been quickly converted to the excitement found in the pages of the MASSES and had come to seek introductions to the celebrities of the famous Liberal Club. Some walked the streets of the Village, hoping for a glimpse, however distant, of the girl in Arnold Genthe's portrait, Miss Millay, the symbol of their own restlessness and youth.

I am well aware that there is always some risk involved in making a historical interpretation of a new book, but I have always found her work far more significant as an entire phenomenon than as something that is mistakenly called "pure art." In one of the most worldly and courageous passages of her *Conversation* (perhaps the clearest and most intelligible passage in the book) she writes:

> An artist is bound to be jealous when he considers that the public's being fooled/By a showy second-rater, especially if he himself has sort of been left out in the rain/But let somebody really fine come along, all jealousies are pooled / In a common admiration; I've seen it happen time and again.

The seven men who drink and talk past midnight in the house on West Tenth Street near Fifth Avenue, seem, even in their respective ages, to belong to the days when John Sloan drew his portrait of the "arch conspirators" who concealed themselves in the shoulder-high turret of the arch at Washington Square. None is under forty but one, Lucas, the young advertising man, who has little enough to say and never turns the tide of talk in his direction. Even the Harvard Communist and poet, Carl, is forty-three, and seems to have read neither Marx nor Lenin, because his more exact knowledge has been diverted into a study of edible mushrooms. Ricardo, the host, "son of an Italian petty nobleman and an American woman," could be described as a Stark Young liberal, subconsciously fascist perhaps, but so genuinely bewildered that one hesitates to bring any charges of a derogatory nature (except those of a weak mind) against him. His conception of Roman culture is particularly naïve:

> We're built in the image of the elder gods, the jealous,/Truculent, tricky, ignorant gods of Rome. /Jove we understand, a heavy drinker, an incorrigible addict of fancy dress. . . . And Mars we understand/But Jesus not./Charity is an uneasy graft on the tree of Man.

Though he is the only one of the seven men who claims to have read Marx, his statement seems rather to reveal the diluted strains of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, via Bernard Shaw, which stimulated Village talk in 1917. Father Anselmo, a Franciscan priest, one of his six guests, is none too sharp either, but he retains his proper dignity and retires early. Pygmalion, the short-story writer and hedonist (hedonism has gone so far out of fashion that we seldom think of the term at all) reminds me a little of the Carl Van Vechten-Donald Evans type, who if very drunk (as Pygmalion becomes) would say:

> The world stinks. It stinks like a dead cat [note the cat image] under a doorstep. It stinks to hell./ Wherever I step I have to hold my nose, the world stinks so./I can't get windward of the stink, there's not a breath of air/Stirring, just a big stink squatting under the hot sky.

This sensory image of the bad smell (and in the *Conversation* there is a conscious use of Shakespeare's "lillies that fester") ran its full length in *Wine From These Grapes,* the sensory image that might well rise because it was forbidden in the mind of a disillusioned though once charming child. These were: "bearing thine excrement away," "her head stinks of its hood," "putrescent matter drawing flies," and "dropped his dung upon the blazing dew." I prefer to read all this as a sign of a New York liberal literary world gone rotten beyond the

Snow

* CONVERSATION AT MIDNIGHT, *by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper & Bros.* $2.

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power of its own description. I think that Pygmalion speaks with less penetration than he should, but it is clear he has some knowledge that the perfumed world of *Peter Whiffle* had turned from its forbidden (and adolescent) excesses to an equally forbidden awareness of a stench flooding the atmosphere.

John, the painter, another one of the seven men, has a characteristic split between the "pure" thing, belief, which is "the office of the soul," and reason which is "the office of the mind," which in turn recalls the thoroughly American-platonic dualism of "Euclid alone has looked on Beauty bare." It was the amazing fusion of transcendental heat and pragmatic flesh, turned chill as death itself, that made Woodrow Wilson the eighth wonder of the world at the Versailles conference. He had been tricked as John had been tricked into unsuccess, "gifted, but—," and it is perhaps not insignificant, that when John votes at all, when not "too disheartened" by his own dismay, he is a Democrat.

Merton, the stock-broker millionaire, who is Protestant, who "goes to church," "votes Republican," and speaks of hunting quail, again represents a type unschooled by the industrial warfare of the last seven years; his answers to Carl's ill-informed Marxism are in generalities that seem to contradict in phrase and word his avowed materialism:

> I must confess these recent altercations/Within the Left, between the Left and Right,/Have nipped somewhat my autumn aspirations/Toward Comradeship,—a budded thing, though slight.

He, too, is talking like a defensive, but steadfastly right-wing ex-member of the old Liberal Club while Carl, his opponent (who, by the way, was supposed to have written verse that was so modern as to be "incomprehensible and infuriating") talks very much as Max Eastman wrote in the days of the old MASSES. Mr. Eastman would have accepted the following speech as a poem for its pages and would have been delighted to read its facile, lilting, Tom Moore, barrel-organ music once heard in "Ashes of Life" and in "Recuerdo," and now here again in still another version. It is an Irish-American melody of the sidewalks of New York, and here again it yearns for the common and simple things that are never as common or as simple as some poets wish they were:

> Beautiful as a dandelion-blossom, golden in the green grass,
> This life can be.
> Common as a dandelion-blossom, beautiful in the clean grass, not beautiful
> Because common, beautiful because beautiful;
> Noble because common, because free.

Though the *Conversation* glides onward through current names and topics, the verse itself is everything but conversational. There is some little variety in its tone and forms, ranging from Odgen Nash's *New-Yorker*-Broadway-Seventh-Avenue-express rush of syllables, through the lesser romantic lyrics, to blank verse and the sonnet, all loosely phrased

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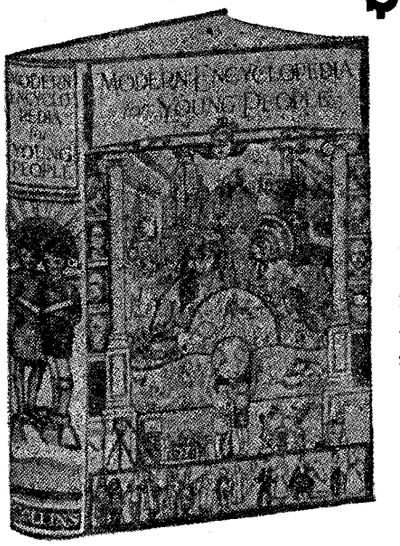

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and approaching complete disintegration of their language.

The actual or human motives for the *Conversation* remain unclear; its drama is static, and it ends as it began: a flood of talk in the dim, smoky air of a West Tenth Street room, a room filled with literary people, who, even as they become vulgar, speak with a certain pride of their vulgarity, as though vulgarity itself could prove to them that they were human beings and still alive. It is in this fashion that they attempt to reassert their humanity: Pygmalion speaking of a firing squad in every john, Ricardo chanting "He drinks with drooling lip/ The myriad stench of man," John saying, "I'll punch your nose," Merton replying to Carl, "Your masses are fleas," and Carl answering by speaking of Park Avenue deserted, and the moon shining down on little dog-heaps. Matthew Arnold, who is now reread as a discerning social as well as literary critic of his day, would have said again, should he have heard them: "What a set, what a set!" And his horror would not be mere Victorian prejudice, for he had praised highly Robert Burns's "The Jolly Beggars." One can be tolerant only if one sees Miss Millay's seven men as abstracted types of a moribund, middle-class literary New York society entering the discomforts of their middle age, with the curtain ready to fall and mercifully bring an end to their disaster.

Yet Miss Millay has written as best she can of the things we have been reading in the newspapers. And though the present work is an avowed experiment, I doubt if in its lighter passages, written in dispraise of women, she has actually traveled far beyond the *Vanity Fair* satire of *A Few Figs From Thistles.* In one sense (and after the Shakespearean tour of *Fatal Interview*) the return to West Tenth Street is a return home. This last return, however, lacks the sharpness and finality of another return which was said so well in the first poem of *Wine From These Grapes,* but it should be remembered that Miss Millay has always concerned herself with a social picture of the world as she saw it. She is still the spirit of a time and place, and though time recedes and places change, Miss Millay remains the spokesman of the group which once flourished with such ease and eloquence, south of Fourteenth Street in the city of New York.

HORACE GREGORY.

Britain Embattled

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John, the youngest, grows up to enlist as a crack aviator of the Royal Aviation Force, while the child Cedric finds a disillusioning future in the role of a tired and cynical London reporter. Only the two girls are to know the full horror of the childhood game suddenly become tragic reality.

The book, in no sense a distinguished piece of work, but a very sincere attempt to "shoot" the changing social picture of present-day England, is built around Nora and Mary, the two modern daughters of the Victorian preacher. Mary, first of the offspring to be wed, sees her mildly liberal husband David jailed for his unaggressive pacifism and then shot down in cold blood during a riot precipitated by Mosley's Blackshirts. A surface glimpse of the revolutionary movement in England is afforded through the story of Nora who becomes identified with underground Communist activity, in which she doggedly participates throughout the crucial mobilization period and the reign of terror that precede the imminent world conflagration.

One of the most significant episodes in Mrs. Adam's honest, if somewhat poorly constructed novel is the description of the German air raids in the Nottingham munitions district during the last war. ABEL PLENN.

Brief Reviews

FLYING DUST, *by Edward Leon Meyerson. Poetry Publications.* $1.50.

Meyerson's poems are, for the most part, revolutionary in subject matter. Anachronistic dashes of sex and sophomoric metaphysics are handled awkwardly. Unfortunately, Meyerson's technique has not caught up with his ideas; I think he has stolen a great deal from Hart Crane. If Meyerson is to contribute anything to contemporary verse, he must dispense with the stock-in-trade emotions and prune the clumsy phrasing. There is plenty more at the source of most of this poetry, and we hope there is more in Meyerson. R. H. R.

THE REHABILITATION OF OKLAHOMA COAL MINING COMMUNITIES, *by Frederick L. Ryan. University of Oklahoma Press.* $1.50.

Eastern Oklahoma contains an area of about twelve thousand square miles, extending north and south from Kansas to Texas and east to the Arkansas line, which for some sixty years now has been the scene of more or less extensive coal mining operations. Dr. Ryan, for the first time, presents a concise and yet broad outline of the economic and social history of this region. The facts he brings to light (buttressed by fifteen comprehensive statistical tables and two score bibliographical references) tell a familiar story: intensive exploitation of natural and human resources resulting in huge profits to the operators, criminal waste of mineral wealth, and recurrent poverty and destitution for the workers. Dr. Ryan, however, revealing an intimate and thorough understanding of his subject, is able to point out the particular nature of developments in this district and to explain the interplay of social, economic, and political phenomena. Not the least interesting feature of the book is its far-reaching pro-

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posals for the economic and social rehabilitation of the Oklahoma coal mining communities. These include plans, deemed both logical and necessary, for nationalization of the coal fields, public electric power plants, collective coöperative farming for the adjoining areas, government financing for all these projects, and complete control by the workers themselves, who could organize workers' councils for political action. Dr. Ryan's book represents a distinct contribution to the regional literature of the Southwest. It should be closely examined by the professional "regionalists" who dream wearily of "sectional culture" based on folk-lore, "nature," and subsistence farming.

NICHOLAS II—PRISONER OF THE PURPLE, *by Essad-Bey. Funk & Wagnalls.* $3.

Purple and gold jacket and binding, good photographs, an imposing exterior. The text is phony, just as the name of its author. The gentleman who has chosen the exotic pseudonym of "Essad-Bey" has already published a few potboilers, one of them on Stalin. The lovers of the mysterious and horrendous will lap up his latest concoction avidly. Unfortunately, there is no law against shoddy and adulterated commodities in the book market. One wonders what has become of the institution of a publisher's reader, supposedly an expert in a given field, capable of passing judgment on the validity of an alleged history or biography.

The facts of the life of Nicholas II are so well known by now, that any conscientious pen-pusher could perform a passable job on the biography of that crowned imbecile. Exotic Essad-Bey, however, craved mystery, sensationalism, blood, and thunder. He has, therefore, combed for dirt a variety of questionable sources, memoirs of gentlemen- and ladies-in-waiting, newspaper anecdotes, apocryphal reports by legendary eye-witnesses, and similar material. Nor did he scruple about utilizing the most available source, his own imagination. Occasionally, he refers to such high and mighty authorities as Princess Catherine Radziwill, or the *opéra-bouffe* biographer Fülöp-Muller, or the renegade and traitor Besedovsky, or that sensualist, the "mad monk" Iliodor. The pretentious mess has been translated apparently from the German, judging from the side-splitting "bibliography," solemnly appended at the end.

This purple bauble does not even remotely fill the gap of a sketch of Russia during 1894-1918. What a drama might be drawn against the background of national upheavals, the rising consciousness of the proletariat, the growing inner contradictions of the moribund order—with the puny, craven, and callous Nicky on the throne.

A. DER.

★

Recently Recommended Books

The Making of a Hero, by Nicholas Ostrovski. E. P. Dutton. $2.50.

Children of Strangers, by Lyle Saxon. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

Equal Justice, prepared by Louis Colman. International Labor Defense. 50c.

The First Russian Revolution: 1825, by Anatole G. Mazour. University of California Press. $4.

The Negro Genius, by Benjamin Brawley. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

The Spirit and Structure of German Fascism, by Robert A. Brady. Viking. $3.

Labor Conditions in Western Europe, by J. Kucynski. International. $1.50.

The Outward Room, by Millen Brand. Simon & Schuster. $1.25.

The Letters of Lenin, translated and edited by Elizabeth Hill and Doris Mudie. Harcourt, Brace. $4.

After the Seizure of Power (Selected Works of V. I. Lenin. Vol. VII). International. Reg. $2.75. Pop. $2.

The Paris Commune of 1871, by Frank Jellinek. Oxford University Press. $3.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

History and documentation in American, Spanish, and Soviet films—A W.P.A. Negro musical

THIS week seems to run to historical and documentary films. Paramount offers *High, Wide, and Handsome,* which is set in a turbulent period in American history, that of the discovery of oil in western Pennsylvania; R.K.O. has released *The Toast of New York,* based on the life of Jim Fisk; and the World Theater in New York is running a documentary film on the civil war in Spain.

High, Wide, and Handsome is pretty good entertainment. That is, it has a typical bunch of songs by Oscar Hammerstein II and Jerome Kern. With the help of a reputed $1,900,000, Rouben Mamoulian has given us a "sumptuous" production and a rip-roaring climax consisting of a battle with horsewhips, iron pipe, elephants, clowns, strong-arm men, bearded ladies, and everything else that goes with a traditional American circus. But there is something wrong.

It is supposed to be an operetta, but it isn't. It tries romance, which fizzles out before the film has run half-way. Then for a long period it gets terribly realistic about the discovery of oil in Titusville (1859) and the united fight of the farmers against the robber barons who attempt to steal their oil. At this point the film begins to be something. When Peter Cortlandt (Randolph Scott) organizes his fellow-farmers for a united fight against the Philadelphia tycoons, and they begin to lay their pipe line so that they can get their crude oil to the refinery (the robber barons try to freeze the little men out by imposing prohibitive freight rates), the film moves along with the gusto of imaginative and editorialized treatment. But the climax, which depicts the farmers fighting the hired thugs and vigilantes of the robber barons, suddenly goes slapstick and entirely unrealistic. From that point the film lapses into operetta again.

What might have been an important motion picture becomes very ordinary entertainment. We have the right to expect more from Rouben Mamoulian, who is one of Hollywood's outstanding directors. We have a right to expect more than an ordinary musical film from the man who gave us *City Streets* or even *Love Me Tonight.* We have a right to be disappointed in Mr. Mamoulian when in a single sequence he gives us a lovely outdoor set with an imaginative song-treatment and the next moment another song in a fake studio set which is supposed to represent the same place. Anarchistic production cannot be excused in the name of entertainment.

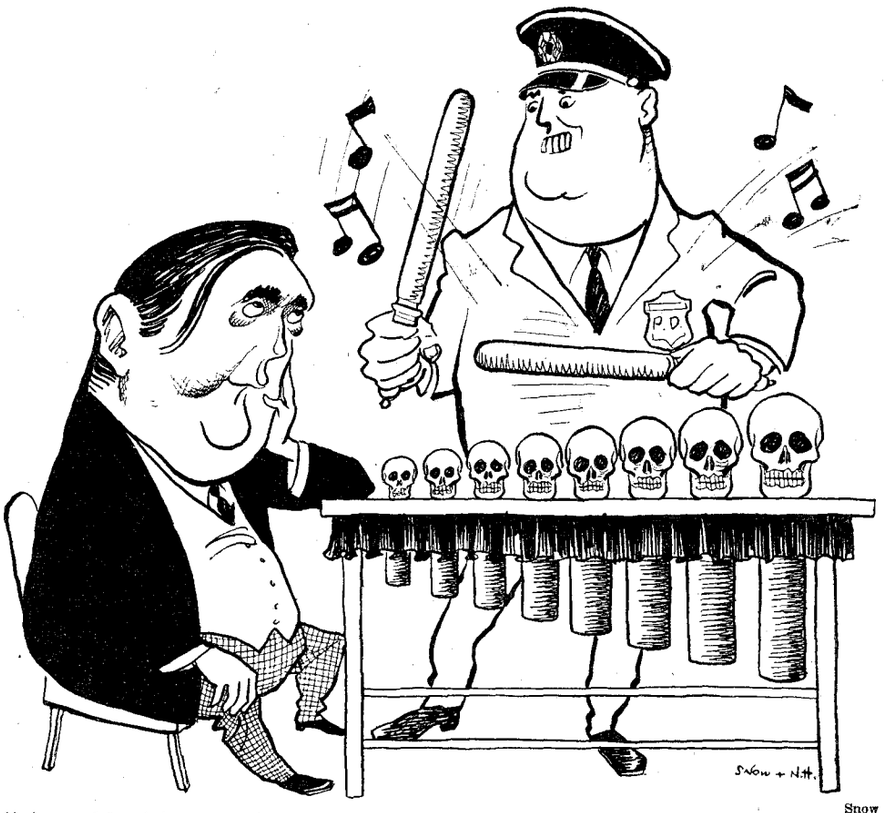
Another phase of American "history" is treated in R.K.O.'s *The Toast of New York* which, believe it or not, has been credited to Matthew Josephson's *Robber Barons* and *The Book of Daniel Drew* by Bouck White. There is nothing in the film traceable to the use of the two books; it is merely another in the series of Hollywood versions of the lives of American financiers. Edward Arnold has portrayed most of them, and he is Jim Fisk in the current offering. There was a time when the radical artists were chided for depicting capitalists as men with big bellies, but now it seems a Hollywood idea. Arnold was also Diamond Jim Brady, the capitalist in *John Meade's Woman,* and the financier in *Easy Living.* It seemed too good to be true when R.K.O. bought *The Robber Barons.* It was.

Fury Over Spain (World Theater, N. Y.) is a compilation of some documentary material which suffers from bad editing, amateur photography, a pompous commentator, and an inefficient script. The real hazard of the film is that it is top-heavy with propaganda for the C.N.T. and F.A.I., the Anarchist groups. Throughout the film the commentator gives us, "the brave militiamen of the C.N.T.-F.A.I." or "victorious militiamen of the C.N.T.-F.A.I." There are obvious digs at the people's front in such descriptions as: "Other anti-fascists have failed to take the town but the Durutti battalion *never* retreats or will die in the attempt." Generally, the film attempts to give the spectator the idea that the C.N.T.-F.A.I. are the only ones fighting the fascists, that *they* saved Madrid. The shot of the soldier throwing a hand grenade into a trench has been singled out by some reviewers as the high point of the film. A front-line photographer would have a ten thousand-to-one chance of getting such a shot; if he did it would have been played up by the film and script. But it isn't for the simple reason that it looks very much like a sequence from the British war film, *The Battle of Gallipoli.* This is the second film on Spain which has resorted to that source to liven up inadequate material.

Exclusive (Paramount) is another newspaper yarn with an attempt to give it a more realistic flavor than other films of the same type. But here, too, the film can't make up its mind whether its going to be a fairy tale, a comedy, or a serious political drama. It isn't any of those things because it tries to be all of them. Outstanding are Frances Farmer and Charlie Ruggles, who repeats the characterization he gave in *Gentlemen of the Press.*

PETER ELLIS.

THE EXCITING NEWSREELS of present-day loyalist Spain which were shown at the Cameo in New York last week under the title *Forward!* indicated again that the Soviet newsreelmen, who made them, know what they are about. Especially significant were the shots of Italian prisoners of the Guadalajara victory smiling and nodding their heads in sympathetic agreement as they heard a brief talk from an officer of the Garibaldi Italian anti-fascist bat-



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What are the incomes and status of the Soviet brain workers—artists, doctors, teachers, engineers?

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What is the policy of the Soviets towards Jews, Tartars, Kazakhs, Armenians, and the other 185 peoples?

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talion. The views of a loyalist armored-car factory turning out machines by the dozen also had a terrific impact in terms of current news.

U.S.S.R.—1937, the current collection of newsreels which the Cameo is showing on Amkino release, are rich in all types of interest. There is an exciting sequence showing the recent Red Army maneuvers; the Red Navy is likewise shown, and you can get a glimpse of the new and remodeled cruisers and flotilla leaders. The Spanish refugee children are shown in their camp on the Black Sea; the "children's railroad," which is the genuine article scaled down for and run by children, seems the heart's desire of all railroad-running fans, child or adult; the Cossacks are shown in their harvest festival, which includes some magnificent horseback riding; Henri Cochet, former world singles tennis champion, is shown in action against the Soviet top-liner; there is snake-hunting in Turkmenia; the operation of the Rust brothers' mechanical cotton-picker in Kazakstan; the collection of aid for Spanish democracy in trade unions and coöperatives; there are the preparations and take-off for the first transpolar flight; there is a sequence on Jewish collective farms in the Ukraine and others on the most recent developments in heavy industry. All in all, a film document of a happy, hard-working, vital country. R. W.

THE THEATER

HALF a dozen insistent encores punctuated the progress of *Swing It,* the W.P.A.'s Negro musical, the time we saw it at the Adelphi in New York, which is perhaps the best evidence as to its quality. Some musicals draw a score of encores; others get by without one. So you see . . .

There were several things about it we liked quite a lot: first, the sets by Walter Walden and Victor Zanoff, which contribute an airy smartness and slightly acid whimsicality to the whole enterprise; second, the song "Ain't We Got Love," which may bring some outside attention to Milton Reddie, Cecil Mack, and Eubie Blake, who share the honors for the show's tunes and lyrics; third, Joe Loomis's tenor voice; fourth, the "jungle swing" dancing of "Flash" Riley and Dorothy Turner, both of whom have what it takes for Broadway entertainment; fifth, a goofy dialogue between the captain of the showboat *Liza Jane* and the captain of the *Susan Belle;* sixth, a couple of shrewd sociological comments made by the lines of the white boss sheriff.

The things we disliked were several, too. There was a quantity of that offensive old-

Darryl Frederick

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style burlesque and vaudeville Negro comedy which attempts to derive humor from sallies at the expense of Negroes as Negroes—stupid remarks about their color and nonsensical slanders about their alleged unwillingness to work which is nothing more than bourbon apologia for booting them around. As a whole, *Swing It* seemed to lack any real brightness, which may have been because it sprawled so loosely all over the place. The company works hard at giving you a good time, however, and a lot of infectious zest comes across the footlights. It's quite possible that you'd find yourself among those insisting upon encores.

ALEXANDER TAYLOR.

★

Forthcoming Broadcasts

(Times given are Eastern Daylight, but all programs listed are on coast-to-coast hookups)

Questions before Congress. A representative discusses current issues Wednesdays at 3:30 p.m. and a senator on Thursdays at 5 p.m., C.B.S.

Frances Perkins. The Secretary of Labor describes the work of her department during another U.S. Cabinet program, Fri., July 30, 10:30 p.m., C.B.S.

"Taming of the Shrew." Edward G. Robinson as Petruchio and Frieda Inescourt as Katherine in another of Columbia's Shakespearean presentations. Mon., Aug. 2, 9 p.m., C.B.S.

"Beyond the Horizon." Helen Hayes opens a new Eugene O'Neill cycle, Mon., Aug. 2, 9:30 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Broadcast from Mercury and Venus. First program in a series sponsored by the Hayden Planetarium, Tues., Aug. 3, 5:45 p.m., C.B.S.

Salzburg Music Festival. Maestro Toscanini conducts the first act of the *Meistersinger,* Thurs., Aug. 5, 12:30 p.m., N.B.C. red, and the last act Thurs., Aug. 5, 4:30 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Ralph Bates. From Spain every Tuesday and Friday at 7:30 p.m., via short wave on station EAR, 31.65 meters. On all other nights, a fifteen-minute news broadcast at 7:30 p.m.

Recent Recommendations

MOVIES

Gobsek. This Soviet dramatization of Balzac's story of a ruthless usurer has much of the quality of wry caricature to be found in Daumier's drawings.

Super-Sleuth. Jack Oakie and Eduardo Cianelli in a funny detective yarn.

They Won't Forget. A powerful and extremely moving film of a lynching in the deep South.

Easy Living. Very funny slapstick with Edward Arnold and Jean Arthur.

Knight Without Armor. This dramatization of James Hilton's romantic novel finds Robert Donat and Marlene Dietrich caught in the midst of the Russian revolution.

King Solomon's Mines. An adventure tale enhanced by Paul Robeson's wonderful singing.

Captains Courageous. Kipling's novel of a spoiled brat with exciting documentary sidelights on the lives of Gloucester fishermen.

A Day at the Races. More hilarious antics by the Marx Bros., a satire on medical movies.

The Thirteen. Excellent film of a Red Army troop's handling of desert marauders.

Paris Commune. An ambitious Soviet version of the historical character of the Commune.

PLAYS

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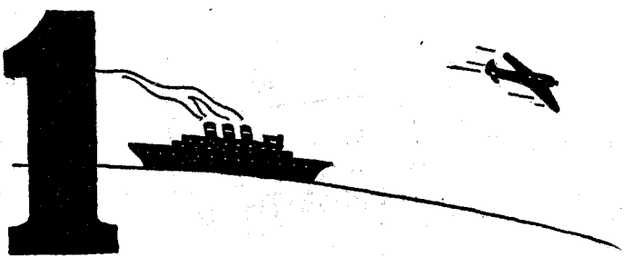

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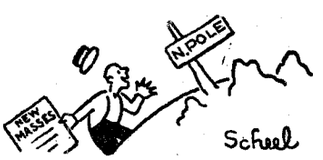

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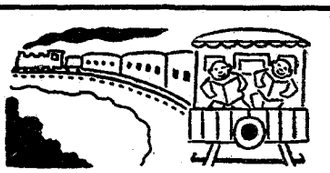

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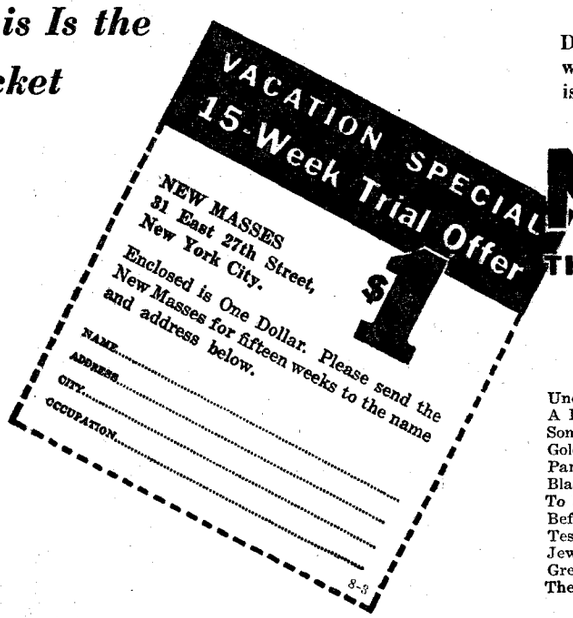

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